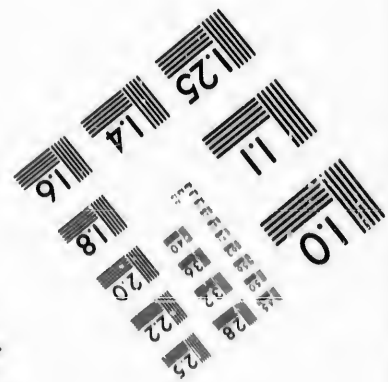
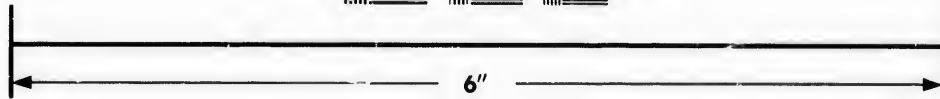
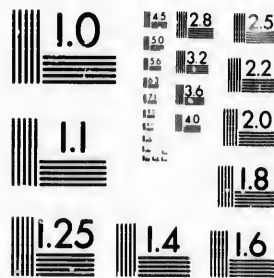


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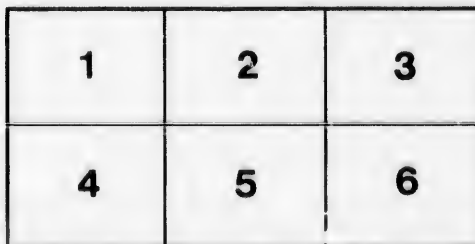
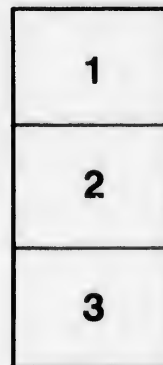
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POEMS,

RELIGIOUS, MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL.

BY

JAMES HOGG:

FORMERLY OF LEITRIM, IN IRELAND.

Oh ! native Sherwood, happy were thy Bard,
Might these his rural notes to future times,
Boast of tall groves that nodding o'er thy plain,
Rose to their tuneful melody.—— DODSLEY.

*Ille ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avenâ
carmen ;——*

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PRINTED BY HENRY CHUBB,

MARKET-SQUARE.

1825.

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PREFACE.



IT is not without reluctance that I have ventured to submit the following collection to the inspection of the Public. The impossibility of pleasing *all*, and the difficulty of pleasing *many*, are considerations which for a length of time have prevented the attempt, and it was not until the advice of my friends had overruled these objections, that I agreed to submit my solitary performances to the candour of the impartial reader.

As an excuse for any inaccuracies which may occur in this little volume, I might enlarge on the circumstances under which the principal part of it has been composed; but the subject would be not only disagreeable to myself, but also uninteresting to the reader, and on that account I forbear enlarging upon it at present.

If I have been successful in describing the simple and genuine feelings of the heart, and if my performances shall be viewed in that light only, I freely confess that my ambition shall be gratified, and my hopes realized; since I have never aimed at any thing beyond the cherished feelings and artless simplicity of nature: but should the reverse be the case, I shall nevertheless comfort myself with the pleasing idea of having done my endeavour for that purpose.

I have most particularly avoided every thing of a personal, immoral, or immodest tendency; and I think that I may without fear of contradiction affirm, that there is not a single instance of either in the present production.

It may well be observed that a modern author, (however great his abilities may be,) must, notwithstanding, labor under many difficulties: our country has been already so fertile in producing genius, that its soil though not exhausted, is so covered with the superior flowers which it has produced, that the less brilliant and more humble buds of the forest cannot be discerned without that species of good nature which induces the obliging reviewer to stoop down to behold those little graces which otherwise would escape his observation.

There are two objections generally made to works of this kind, and which as they come from persons whose *pretensions* are rather above their *abilities*, are the harder to be answered in a satisfactory manner. The first is the charge of plagiarism. Ignorant and prejudiced readers seldom let any work, however original, escape them without giving it to feel the weight of their indignation in this particular; and there is nothing more general for those, whose abilities are too weak to exercise them on any other topic, than to condemn in this light what they are unable to judge of in any other; but as there is no bulwark sufficiently strong to form a security against assaults of this nature, I have only to declare, that if any one of my poems bears a particular resemblance to something which has already been published, the similarity exists altogether without my knowledge.

The next objection is generally made to works of a miscellaneous nature, where a variety of subjects and characters are introduced in the same volume; for while some are of opinion, that subjects of a religious tendency should never be introduced where any thing else is attended to, there are others who

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affirm, that a diversity of matter is *alone* entitled to notice. In order to please both parties without deviating from my own principles, I have selected such subjects as are exclusively religious, from those which are merely sentimental and moral, and placed them in a different section.

I shall conclude with remarking, that as this little work now makes its appearance without the adulation of the flatterer, or the recommendation of the learned, it must depend for success entirely upon the judgment and candour of the Public.

JAMES HOGG.

St. John, N. B. 12th September, 1825.

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Epistle to a Young Friend.

WHILE you enjoy the pleasures of the town,
And every care, in sweet oblivion drown,
Permit an artless tenant of the shade,
(Unmov'd by flatt'ry, nor by int'rest sway'd,)
His sage advice, with best regards to blend,
And proudly hail you as a valu'd friend.
Lives there, who feels not friendship's sacred fire,
Nor knows the themes, her strong commands inspire;
Oh be the monster from the earth remov'd,
Despis'd, unblest, unpity'd, and unlov'd;
Compell'd each social region to depart,
For darker climes, congenial with his heart:
Alone to breathe, in some forbidden air,
Nor summer's glow, nor autumn's smile be there.
Fain would the simple and untutor'd muse,
(Virtue her aim, and friendship her excuse,)
Explain her soul, but fate a midnight flings,
And dim's the dazzling subject which she sings,
Sad maid, 'tis her's to crave with earnest suit,

To taste the sweetness of forbidden fruit,
 To simple genius yielding no supply,
 At her approach, th' Acadian spring is dry ;
 For her, no lillies grow, no roses bloom,
 And fate regardless, scarce forbids her doom.
 How few there are, who blest with learning's lore,
 Have learn'd to prize, that more than earthly store ;
 For, all her beauties view'd in every part,
 Oft fill the *head*, but seldom reach the *heart* :
 Nor needs a heavier curse the mind destroy,
 Than much to know, and little to enjoy.
 Others there are, who scorn the devious line,
 And never bow, fair science, at thy shrine ;
 Content to labor in the mud below,
 Or pluck the weeds that round the basis grow ;
 These to their low inglorious lot resign'd,
 Lost to themselves, to knowledge, and mankind,
 Like the blind worm, their weary way pursue,
 And cut the soil, to gain a passage thro'.

Some with *incessant labor*, strive to gain
 Learning's pure gem, but often toil in vain,
 Still foil'd and baffled, faintly trace her arts,
 Chains on their hands, and dullness in their hearts :

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Unyielding nature, here alone denies,
The wretches wish, the long expected prize,
Some latent wish the goddess seems to claim,
Some strong desire, or thirsting after fame ;
Where these appear, each labor she beguiles,
And crowns each fond endeavour with her smiles,
But see ! another train appear in view,
(The muse beholds them, but laments how few,)
The sons of genius favor'd by the skies,
Before the eye, in glitt'ring columns rise ;
Exulting triumph, in their own pure light,
Swell into shining ranks, and swim before the sight !
Lo ! from the star which lights with friendly rays,
Heroes and patriots, to immortal bays,
The smiling matron, fondly stoops to trace,
Whence flow the feelings of her cherish'd race,
Beholds one universal joy around,
Strikes her sweet harp, and earth returns the sound !
" Ye friends of man," methinks I hear her say,
(While beams the firmament with brighter day,)
" In all my open paths your way pursue,
The world shall own the debt it owes to you ;
'Tis yours to bid the sculptur'd pillar rise,

That tells your glory, to a thousand eyes ;
 Engrave your actions on yon earthly frame,
 The boast of nature, and the song of fame."

The crystal form, receding from my sight,
 Here sinks, encompassed in a blaze of light,
 The wond'ring muse with fixt attentive eyes,
 Surveys her flowing mantle, as it flies,
 Eager to grasp the more than earthly prize !
 Ner learning only, should engross your *care*,
 The *way to live*, demands a greater share,
 And on the word of truth you may rely,
 The way to live, will teach the way to die ;
 Religion, honor, truth, a graceful ease,
 And all the virtues, form'd to win and please,
 Fit man for life—in every station blest,
 A friendly patron, or a welcome guest :
 Smooth every thorny path, and lead the way
 To bliss unchang'd, and joys without decay,
 The circling round of an eternal day.

Thus may you live, belov'd, esteem'd by all,
 Your comforts many, and your sorrows small,
 'Till time with potent sway shall raise your name,
 A *friendly rival* to your brother's fame.

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The Sun Beam.

BRIGHT on the hill a sun beam play'd,
 Around the morning breezes blew,
 And various forms of light and shade
 Slow moving, clos'd the distant view.

To view the bright ascending beam,
 Eliza climb'd the rising hill ;
 She heard the mut'ring of the stream,
 The murmurs of her native rill.

A cloud conceal'd the sunny ray,
 The smile of morning left her view ;
 And while she measur'd back her way,
 Quick from the south the tempest blew.—

Close shelter'd from the torrents pow'r,
 The youthful maid reflects with pain,
 How flatt'ring life's uncertain hour,
 How volatile, and yet how vain.

And oft, when life's bright morn had past,
 And youth return'd its borrow'd bloom ;
 She thought of that uncertain blast,
 And all the terrors of its gloom.

Full many a storm, to blast her joy,
 With angry pow'r was wont to roll ;
 In vain—their force could ne'er destroy
 The sunshine of Eliza's soul.



The Tear.

GENTLY the passing breezes blew
 The spicy scent from bower to bower,
 Wildly the feather'd insect* flew,
 To catch the dew from flower to flower :
 When Julia to the silent cell
 Restless repair'd, her woes recounting ;
 Responsive to the rustic's shell
 That echo'd on the distant mountain.

Lonely she spent the evening hour,
 She wept the ties of love that bound her ;
 'Till darker shades began to low'r, [her :
 And night's deep gloom came thick'ning round
 Ah ! then did fear with frown unblest,

* The humming bird.

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Check the wild maze of strong reflection ;
Oh ! no, one passion fill'd her breast,
'Twas dismal, gloomy, sad dejection.

“ Angels” she cry'd, “ whose silver wings,
With restless care forever hover,
Around the couch where mercy brings,
Her balm, to sooth the dying lover :—
Bear this last *tear* to yon faithless youth,
Tell him I mourn his loss no longer ;
While memory views his breach of truth,
Virtue insures her conquest stronger.”

Slow she reclined on the verdant sod,
(The stars in their orbs above were gleaming,)
She rais'd her fervent eye to GOD,
That eye, that *tear*, together beaming,—
Pure as the crystal drops that flow,
From ether clear, on the breast of even ;
Bright as the burning lamps that glow,
To light the wide expanse of Heaven !

The Shadow.

“ **L**OVELY Matilda, why such haste
 Away to the distant mountain ?
 Lovely Matilda, why so fast
 Away from the crystal fountain ?”

“ Ah me !” reply’d the youthful maid,
 “ I stoop’d o’er the fountain yonder,
 A sunbeam on its surface play’d,
 But a sprite was lurking under.

It smil’d at first, but fearful grew,
 While I shriek’d at its sudden motion ;
 Away from the wat’ry sprite I flew,
 ’Tis a mermaid of the ocean.”

“ Lovely Matilda, come with me,
 Your Edward shall defend you ;
 Together we the shade shall see,
 No elf shall dare offend you.”

With timid look and flutt’ring breast,
 Now back to the stream she paces ;
 She stoop’d, and saw, of all the rest,
 The loveliest of the graces !

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And oft in noontide's sunny ray,
 To see the shade she wander'd ;
 And oft upon the banks she lay
 Where the crystal stream meander'd.



To Julia.

WHILE far from the spot where in childhood you
 wander'd,

Along the green cliffs that bescircled the main,
 Where the cold bubb'ling spring from its fountain me-
 ander'd,

And water'd the flowrets that grew on the plain :
 No joy can illumine the night of my sorrow,
 And hopeless and sad from reflection I fly,
 Nor one beam of hope paints the bliss of to-morrow,
 Or pierces the shade where dejected I sigh.

Oh Julia, thy smile was the dawn of my morning,
 Thy voice was the sound that enliven'd the green,
 Thy blush was as pure as when Phœbus returning,
 Threw his mantle of beauty and crimson'd the scene :
 Oh ! never forgot be the shade of the willow

Where first I invok'd thy propitious reply,
 And blest be the moonbeam that play'd on the billow,
 Though now in her faint shade dejected I sigh.

The rosebud that dipp'd its fair form in the fountain,
 And tasted each sweet that the streamlet could bring,
 The violet that grew on the heathcover'd mountain,
 And shrunk halfabash'd from the Zephyrs of spring—
 Faint emblems of thee—yet by thee well attended,
 Breath'd forth a sweet fragrance that scented the sky;
 But now by no kind guardian Angel attended,
 They shrink at my touch while dejected I sigh.

Oh Julia return to the haunts of thy childhood,
 Return to the shade of the white-blossom'd tree;
 Return to the sheltering side of the wild wood,
 Thy coming alone, can bring comfort to me.
 Bid the pleasures of love from thy fair eyes expanding,
 Beam forth in their splendour, these torrents to dry,
 And let hope take the summit of pleasure, command—
 The victim of sorrow, no longer to sigh. [ing

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Solace of Hope.

THOU heav'nly born divinely kind
 Physician of the troubl'd mind,
 I hail thy sov'reign pow'r ;
 For present ills that grieve my breast,
 No more I sorrow unredrest,
 Thy balm can give the weary rest,
 And soothe the pensive hour.
 Loud sweeping o'er the northern plain,
 Where winter holds her icy reign,
 Boreal winds may blow ;
 But hope can view the spring to come,
 Can call a thousand flow'rs to bloom,
 And paint the winter's darkest gloom,
 With summer's brightest glow.
 When friends possess'd of mutual heart,
 Forc'd by necessity to part,
 Forlorn, dejected, mourn ;
 No words can speak, no tongue can tell,
 What feelings in their bosoms swell,
 Yet, mingling with the last farewell,
 Hope points to the return.

When on the brink of life we stand,
 And nature waits the dread command,
 “ Depart and be no more :”
 'Tis thine sweet hope, with cheerful ray,
 To gild the dark unmeasur'd way,
 To regions of eternal day,
 Where *fear* shall be no more.



The Stranger.

TO the green swelling waves of the wide western
 The *ardent* undaunted her passage pursu'd; [ocean,
 And many a fond pray'r with unshack'led devotion,
 Impell'd her with speed, her long voyage to conclude :
 But one stranger alone on the stern was reclining,
 A tear fill'd his eye, and his heart was repining, [ing,
 While his bosom heav'd high the deep sorrow confin-
 And he faintly exclaim'd, “ oh ! my country farewell.
 “ Blow softly ye gales,” said the desolate ranger,
 “ That waft me so quick from my dear native plain,
 From Erin, the land where the poor and the stranger

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Have never requested assistance in vain : [tion,
 To part from such scenes, how the harsh contempla-
 Sinks deep in my bosom, the source of vexation,
 And thrills at my heart, the unhappy sensation,
 That prompts the sad motto, " my country farewell."

On the green rosy banks of yon murmuring river,
 Where spring, and the Zephyrs, delighted to reign,
 How oft have I wander'd, unconscious that ever,
 The rude hand of fortune, should tarnish the scene;
 How mild was the breeze, how refreshing the fountain,
 How still was the lake, how majestic the mountain,
 And must I, the charms of the landscape recounting,
 In regions remote, bid " my country farewell."

It was night—to his hard wooden pallet returning,
 The victim of grief and distraction, he lay,
 Till sleep's balmy cordial, prevented his mourning,
 And in regions of fancy, he sported 'till day ;
 But ah ! when he wak'd, how severe his confusion,
 Alas 'twas a dream—a deceitful delusion,
 That drew with new fervour, the constant effusion,
 That gush'd from his bosom, " my country farewell."

At length in New-Brunswick, his long destination,
 Poor Sylvius in vain, beheld "liberty's land :"
 Bereft of the comforts of sweet conversation,
 Bewilder'd and lonely, he travers'd the strand :
 Beneath a disorder that body was bending,
 Which now, to the cold silent grave was descending,
 While tear after tear, on his pale visage blending,
 Half smother'd the sentence, " my country farewell."

But nature slow yielding, at length became weary,
 All mournful and sad, on a rock he reclin'd :
 The past was remember'd—the present was dreary,
 And dark were the shadows that hung on his mind
 To the spot where he languish'd in pensive reflection
 A stranger had wander'd—a timely protection,
 He grasp'd his cold hand, with a brother's affection,
 And heard the soft accents, " my country farewell."

Then soon led him home, where humanity waited,
 The soft soothing balsam it yields to bestow ;
 To the friends of Hibernia, his sorrows related,
 Who hasten'd to aid the sad object of woe.
 But ah ! his last moment relentless was hastening,
 The taper of life, in its socket was wasting,

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Yet happy, the sweets of humanity tasting,
He smil'd, and in death, bid his country farewell.



The Hermit of Woodford,

A TALE.

"Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus."

WHERE Woodford's forest spread its ample shade,
The great Orourke his residence had made,
With undisputed sway, he held his reign,
Acknowledg'd lord of Leitrim's fair domain;
For him, submissive at his massy gate,
His vanquish'd foes, to hear their sentence wait,
And while the neighb'ring monarchs vied to share,
In peace his smile, in hostile fields his care,
Retir'd he liv'd, untaught by pride to roam,
Abroad respected, but belov'd at home.

In early life, this virtuous prince had led,
A lovely stranger to the bridal bed,
Of Albion's daughters, innocent and mild,
Upon her birth, consenting fortune smil'd:
But ere twelve years had measur'd out the space,

Which marks their limits to the human race,
 The morning sun, which on the billow shone,
 Ere night, beheld her destitute, alone,
 Bereft of friends, the good she valu'd most,
 Distress'd and shipwreck'd, on the Irish coast—
 There, as the King the dreadful scene survey'd,
 He first beheld the lovely orphan maid;
 Awhile with strong emotion mute he stands,
 Then pensive rang'd along the level sands,—
 Now quick returning to the scene of woe,
 He felt the tribute of compassion flow;
 Kind pity touch'd his breast, he call'd relief,
 To soothe her sorrows, and assuage her grief,
 And as he view'd the hapless stranger o'er,
 His bosom own'd a pang, unfelt before,
 Swift thro' his veins, the vital current flew,
 While love with pity in his fancy grew;
 Nor ceas'd their warmth, for now the tempest o'er,
 The fair Eliza to his car he bore,
 Each means concerted, to restore her bloom,
 Reviv'd her spirit, and convey'd her home.
 In vain the Prince to hide his passion strove,

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In vain essay'd to quench the flame of love,
 The pow'r of fancy to prevent a cure,
 With wonted skill had fix'd his weapon sure,
 He felt the shaft, approach his yielding heart,
 And but Eliza's self, could draw the dart.

Succeeding time, unnumber'd charms reveal'd,
 Which fear, and sorrow, had at first conceal'd ;
 The Prince beheld, and while his heart approv'd,
 His hand and fortune, bless'd the maid he lov'd.
 Long time a life of happiness they led,
 Ere fortune smil'd upon their nuptial bed ;
 At length propitious to increase their joy,
 She gave a pledge of bliss, a lovely boy.
 His father's hope, his mother's only pride,
 For him their former joys were laid aside :
 But ah ! how short the bliss, which Heav'n design'd,
 To cheer, not elevate, the human mind ;
 Alone, unguarded, as the infant lay,
 A wand'ring trav'ler stole the prize away,
 And as she rang'd his sire's dominions o'er,
 Thro' every part, the royal burthen bore.

The sad afflicted monarch, strove in vain,

Saint
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IS THE HERMIT OF WOODFORD.

With manly force, to quell paternal pain,
In vain the tender mother dropt the tear,
That spoke the sorrow of her heart sincere,
While large rewards, and useless threat'nings made,
Thro' all the neigh'ring country were display'd.

While thus deceiv'd, the unhappy royal pair,
Resign'd to grief, and melancholy care,
The helpless orphan of a distant chief,
Who foil'd in battle, lost his crown and life,
Their pity claim'd, for sympathy's kind glow,
In royal bosoms cherish'd, well can grow,
Her they design'd, their wealth and pow'r to share,
And fill the place of their lamented heir;
The burthen of their sorrows to assuage,
And smooth the pillow of advancing age:
For while the little Anna play'd or smil'd,
They half forgot, she was another's child,
'Till years elaps'd, with pious just regard,
She crown'd their kindness, with a fair reward.

Far in a covert of the spacious wood,
The humble cottage of a Hermit stood;
Full many a year, remote from human eye,

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There he had liv'd, and there he meant to die ;
 Remote from busy life, he spent his days,
 Stranger, alike, to censure and to praise.
 Ambition, such as cruel tyrants know,
 Had never caus'd the Hermit's heart to glow,
 But if that passion liv'd within his soul,
 'Twas that from *passions force*, which spurns controul ;
 His was the calm ambition of the wise,
 That soars aloft, nor stoops beneath the skies.
 One cultivated spot, the forest's pride,
 With herbs and fruits, the Hermit's wants supply'd ;
 For nature's wants, unlike ambition's aims,
 Are few, tho' urgent, in their simple claims.
 When spring returning, call'd him to his soil,
 Or grateful harvest, crown'd his rustic toil,
 Forth would he wander, o'er his little field,
 To taste the sweets, the cooling zephyrs yield :
 Or when the summer's soft refreshing breeze,
 Play'd on the stream, or sported in the trees.
 Oft would he range along the forest's side,
 Where bloom'd each flower in solitary pride ;
 For nature to his eyes, could well display,
 Her full blown charms, in loveliest array :

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Yet tho' serene his heart, the starting tear,
 Confest, that sensibility was there;
 And oft the heavy sigh, untaught would tell,
 That grief's remains, in pious hearts may dwell;
 For true religion, soft persuasive kind,
 Exerts her peaceful conquest o'er the mind;
 'Tis her's, to regulate with potent sway,
 Nor tear one passion, from its place away.
 Thus, tho' resign'd to his secluded lot,
 He mourn'd for past enjoyments, unforgot.

One even, when in the west the source of day,
 From half the world conceal'd his cheerful ray,
 When to the shade the feather'd tribes retir'd,
 To ease their throats, with love and music tir'd;—
 Pensive he sat—he heard a plaintive sound,
 Like human voice, amaz'd he turn'd around,
 With more attentive readiness to hear,
 When lo! the voice again assail'd his ear;
 Quick to the spot, the aged man repair'd
 And list'ning, thus the notes of sorrow heard:
 "Wretch that I am, ah! whither shall I stray?
 "How thro' this lonely desert, find my way?
 "'Tis just I suffer, to my actions due,

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" But ah ! the innocent must suffer too ;
 " This wounds my heart, and sure if heavier woe,
 " Await the wicked, in the realms below,
 " 'Tis mine to suffer aggravated pain,
 " Thro' every guilty pore and guilty vein ;
 " E'en now, I feel the all-subduing pow'r,
 " Whose hand can limit life's uncertain hour,
 " Seize on my vitals, with resistless sway,
 " I yield to death, the summons I obey :
 " ETERNAL POW'R," but here her voice was drown'd,
 And prone she lay, extended on the ground.

The friendly Hermit saw the mourner's pain,
 And gently rais'd her, from the dewy plain ;
 Then in his arms, the tortur'd wretch convey'd,
 And careful, stretch'd her in his rushy bed ;
 Intent, with perseverance to restore,
 The trembling life, that fled at every pore.
 Attentive to her wants, a little child,
 (That wept with hunger, and with terror wild,)
 Wet her cold cheeks, with quick descending tears,
 And told his artless sorrows and his fears.
 At length, the suff'rer rais'd her aching head,
 And to the Hermit thus, in falt'ring accents said :

" 'Twere useless to relate, how long I've trod,
 " The paths that led from happiness and God;
 " Nor would you prize the tale, should I impart,
 " How sear'd my conscience, and how hard my heart;
 " Suffice it to relate, my wand'rings past,
 " I meet my fate, tho' unprepar'd, at last.
 " How greedy have I hugg'd each darling sin,
 " That pleasure could invent, my heart to win;
 " 'Till thus distress'd, unpity'd, and forlorn,
 " Each guilty joy is from my bosom torn.
 " One crime alone, is needful to impart,
 " A crime, that loads with pain, my sinking heart;
 " That lovely boy—Oh! cursed be the day,
 " I tore him from his parents' arms away,
 " And chang'd to want and pain, his wretched fate,
 " The cherish'd idol of a kingly state.
 " See here the toys, the much lov'd infant wore"—
 Her lips were open'd, but she said no more;
 Thrice with her latest breath, she strove to say,
 His parents' name, but not a word found way;
 One mortal pang, her lab'ring bosom tries,
 Her eyes grow dim, her guilty spirit flies.
 The tender Hermit, with his rural spade,

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Beneath an elm, her lonely mansion made ;
 Then warn'd by heav'n, no more to live alone,
 He claim'd the youthful mourner as his own ;
 And safely posted, in a careful place,
 The honor'd relics of his noble race.

Revolving years, beheld the humble pair,
 The toils and blessings of their station share ;
 And while the Father own'd the hand of time,
 The sturdy Edward hasten'd to his prime.

“ My son,” (the aged sire would often say,)
 “ Should ever chance, invite your steps away,
 “ Oh ! shun with all your might, the tempting snare,
 “ And guard each motion of your heart, with care :
 “ For oft as life, before you spreads its charms,
 “ Or courts your youthful fancy to its arms,
 “ 'Tis to deceive, and with a siren smile,
 “ To win the heart, it hastens to beguile !”

Returning seasons with their wonted pace,
 Saw Edward grow, in beauty and in grace,
 But still the Hermit's precepts, fill'd his mind,
 Nor e'er to leave the forest, he design'd ;
 Till once bewilder'd by a fruitless chase
 He chanc'd to see creation's open face.

His throbbing bosom, and his wond'ring eyes,
 Alike bespoke his pleasure and surprise ;
 And long, upon the grassy field he stray'd,
 And long, to view the country he delay'd :
 Each object o'er the meadows, caught his gaze,
 And lakes and mountains, fill'd him with amaze.
 It chanc'd that in the forest's cooling shade,
 Th' adopted daughter of Orourke, had stray'd,
 And to the spot, unconscious bent her way,
 Where Edward on a bending willow lay ;
 His dress fantastic, and his artless air,
 Soon drew the notice of the musing fair,
 And oft she look'd, and much she seem'd surpris'd,
 That one so lovely, should be thus disguis'd.
 With hasty steps, the bashful youth withdrew,
 And pleas'd his fancy, with a distant view,
 For ne'er, in all his wand'rings in the wood,
 Had Edward seen a sight so fair and good :
 And never yet, (true to the best design,)
 Had nature plann'd a form, more exquisitely fine.

At length, with many a strange amusing thought,
 His mansion in the thicket, Edward sought ;
 " 'Tis strange," he cried, " for never in the space,

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" Of which my mind, still holds a feeble trace,
 " When left a prey, to wretchedness and pain,
 " A wand'rer led me, on the distant plain,
 " Did fields appear so green, or flocks so gay,
 " Nor e'en the birds could boast so sweet a lay;
 " The vocal linnet, when she soars above,
 " The far extended foilage of the grove,
 " Sings not so sweet, as when her melting strain,
 " Is pour'd, to cheer yon tenants of the plain:—
 " But most, yon lovely vision caught my eye,
 " Fool that I was, so cowardly to fly;
 " Sure such a form, could never mean me ill,
 " Methinks, I see the lovely image still."—
 Thus thoughtful, o'er the mazy track he goes,
 Finds his lone cot, and courts a sweet repose;
 But vain the wish, his thoughts the hope deny'd,
 The peaceful Hermit, slumb'ring by his side.

Meantime, young Anna had retir'd to rest,
 With strange emotions mingling in her breast;
 Oft had she heard of Fauns and Sylvan Gods,
 And airy sprites, that live among the woods,

And much she seem'd to doubt that such a grace,
 Could find reception in a mortal face.

"Some timid spirit he must be," she said,

"No other would of Anna be afraid;

"For as I sported o'er my Guardian's lawn,

"Not e'en the red-breast or the youthful fawn,

"Fled from my harmless touch, for well they knew,

"No wanton deed of malice would I do—

"But if the creature's mortal or divine,

"Sprung from an earthly or ethereal line,

"'Tis sure he came in richest beauty drest,

"To waken love's first motions in my breast"

Time mov'd apace, and each succeeding day,
 Saw Anna choose the same seducing way,
 To shun the fervour of the noon-tide ray;
 But Edward taught by many a pang to know,
 Whence sprung the source of his unusual woe,
 Resolv'd no more to quit the forest's shade,
 Nor tempt the dangers that he saw display'd.

'Twas harvest now, and o'er the level fields,
 Slow mov'd the golden gift which Ceres yields,

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Congential to the earth, the blushing morn,
 With balmy dew-drops, steep'd the rip'ning corn ;
 And every flow'r, and every loaded spray,
 Spread its fresh foilage to the morning ray.

Deep in the woods, (an unfrequented land,)
 For many a year, had liv'd a robber band,
 By hell conducted, and by rapine fed,
 The king's abhorrence, and the country's dread :
 These to no rules of honest life inclin'd,
 And bent to live on plunder, now design'd,
 To seek the open grounds, and thence to bear,
 The treasur'd harvest of the rustic's care.
 Awhile consulting on the deed they staid,
 Each swore, in life or death his friend to aid,
 Unarm'd they went intent to chun the light,
 And bear away the warthens in the night.
 A traitor servant, who his place had fled,
 T' escape the law's decree, the party led,
 'Till near the utmost border of the wood,
 To wait the slow approach of night, they stood,

Attentive to the hour that fills the air,

With richest scents, the royal maid was there ;
 Her train of servants, to the palace sent,
 Alone, and thoughtful, in the shade she went.
 A curious fan, the virgin's hand suppli'd,
 A golden band, her graceful body tied ;
 In brown and shining tresses, hung her hair,
 Her lips, a smile of softest sweetness wear,
 That blending with the beauties of her face,
 To every blush and dimple, gave a grace :
 Nor in the forest, bloom'd an op'ning flow'r—
 To vie with Anna, in that dewy hour.
 The false domestic, saw the tempting prize,
 He calls his fellow thieves, and thus he cries ;
 " See there, unguarded, in our reach is plac'd,
 " The richest gem, that e'er a palace grac'd,
 " The king's belov'd inestimable store,
 " Pledge of the valu'd bliss, he lost before,
 " Of her possess'd, we doubtless shall obtain,
 " A kingly ransom, and an easy gain,
 " Since to regain his child, the priace would part,
 " Aught, but the blood that circles in his heart :
 " Hasten then, and bear the precious load away,
 " 'Twill well requite the trouble of a day."

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He scarce had ended, when the lawless band,
Too well obey, his cruel fierce command ;
Relentless seiz'd th' unconscious maid in haste,
And bore her screaming o'er the distant waste,

Now had the shades of night begun to rise,
And veil'd each sparkling glory of the skies ;
Close was the wood, and intricate the road,
That lay between them, and their dark abode ;
Each sinew they exert, each nerve they strain,
Ere dawn'd the day, their own recess to gain,
Awhile, their coming footsteps, keen they mark,
Then lose their way, and wander in the dark.
It chanc'd, by strong directing justice led,
They stray'd beside the Hermit's little shed,
There, as the wakeful Edward sought to steep,
Strange recollections in Lethean sleep,
He heard the mournful notes of sorrow flow,
In all the depth and eloquence of woe.

" Leave me" she cried, on this secluded field,
" That humble cot, a friendly shade shall yield,
" Why would your brutal rage, my hopes destroy,
" And bear me far from every earthly joy ?

" Or why, encumber'd with a charge so weak,
 " Rove thro' the woods, and tempt the tangling brake;
 " No boon I ask, tho' dark the night and late,
 " But quit your hold, and leave me to my fate;
 " Oh! heav'n, oh! earth, your wonted succour give,
 " Or kill the wretch, who longs no more to live!"
 Quick from his bed, with an elastic bound,
 The youth advanc'd and scarcely touch'd the ground,
 A trusty bow, (which oft he us'd before,
 To shoot the flying deer,) in haste he bore,
 He met the ruffian train, and bid them stand,
 Or dread the force of a superior hand:
 Then ask'd, what trembling voice a moment since,
 From heav'n and earth, had begg'd a kind defence.
 Amaz'd, confounded, at the stern salute,
 The sons of darkness, stood a moment mute,
 The wretch who held her with unfeeling hand,
 Bold and determin'd, grasp'd the golden band
 That bound her waist,—the careless knot gave way,
 While from the robber ran his living prey;—
 Dismay'd he fled, the rest had fled before,
 And gave the object of their labour o'er:

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Returning hope, the virgin's bosom warms,
She flies, and sinks in Edward's friendly arms ;
And while he help'd her to the lonely cot,
Her fears and suff'rings were at once forgot.
Th' astonish'd Hermit saw the stranger fair,
And wond'ring mark'd the maid's majestic air,
(For tho', to solitude and nature true,
The scenes of life, full well the Hermit knew ;)
Then bade her welcome, to his shelt'ring walls,
Till morn should light her, to her native halls.
Meantime, the kindling fire dispell'd the shade,
And shew'd her friend, to the admiring maid,
Trembling she saw, she knew him, and believ'd,
Theswain a guardian sprite, who had her wants reliev'd.
But soon by mutual understanding led,
A thousand soft endearing things she said ;
While the sage father view'd them o'er and o'er,
And wonder'd where, or how, they'd met before.

Her strange adventure told, the Hermit prest,
The royal wand'rer to his aged breast,
And oft his thoughts, ascend in fervent pray'r,

To him who makes the innocent his care;
 'Till sleep descending, silent all around,
 Their eyes and hearts, with silken fetters bound.
 But who can tell the grief and sad dismay,
 That thro' the bust'ling castle, found their way;
 That she had sought the field was known too well,
 But whither gone, no mortal tongue could tell;
 All night, the sad domestics scour'd the plain,
 All night, the monarch wept, and wept in vain.

Now had the morn with more than welcome light
 Dispell'd the shades of an advent'rous night;
 High o'er the green, the lark melodious sung,
 The distant woods, with sounds responsive rung,
 The golden clouds, in wild meanders play'd,
 And mix'd the rosy light with dappled shade.
 Forth from her bed of fern, (it was their best,)
 The maid advanc'd, in rich apparel drest,
 Her robe was loose—the golden sash she wore,
 The guilty wretch had from her bosom tore;
 The Hermit saw the want, and quick supplied
 Another, which for years had lain aside,

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Amongst the other trinkets it was laid,
When Edward's nurse the glitt'ring store display'd.

Now thro' the forest, by his guardian sent,
To guide her way, the willing Edward went ;
Proud of his charge, full oft he turn'd aside,
To view the beauteous damsel in her pride,
And oft he felt his rising bosom swell,
Hard lab'ring with a wish, he dar'd not tell.

What various feelings, crowd the virgin's mind,
And range within her bosom, unconfin'd ;
Alone she was, far from her guardian's view,
And but one stranger youth, the secret knew :
Should he prove false—but here she check'd the
Love, from suspicion, the remainder bought. [thought,

But see, her native plains appear in sight,
Each Zephyr breathes more exquisite delight,
This moment, joy her rising bosom warms,
The next beholds her in the Monarch's arms :—
The Queen advanc'd, her ready kiss to share,
And every face, dispell'd the gloom of care,

Trembling she tells, the meditated rape,
 Her fears, her suff'rings, and her blest escape,
 By whom releas'd, in what courageous way,
 How noble he, and where his dwelling lay.

The royal inmates, while they stood to hear,
 In show'rs let fall, the sympathetic tear,
 Much they lamented her late misery,

And much they honor'd him who set her free ;

" Thanks gentle rustic," the glad king began,

" 'Twere pity, that the wood your worth should span ;

" Merit like your's, should shed its beams afar,

" And shine conspicuous in the fields of war ;

" Where Ulster's heavy waving harvests bend,

" And stormy seas their swelling waves extend,

" A host of northern foes infest the shore,

" Much bent on rapine, but on slaughter more ;

" To-morrow, I a chosen band shall send,

" The weak and injur'd natives to defend ;

" Go then, where glory leads, where courage warns,

" And dress your sturdy limbs in shining arms :

" And while the perils of the war you share,

" Your aged Sire shall prove our Royal care."

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The youth consented to the war to go,
 First, if his sire, his blessing would bestow ;
 Then sought the wood, the Hermit's mind to know. }
 There at his toil, the aged man he found,
 The yellow sheaves, were lying all around ;
 Then told, with downcast look and panting breast,
 His sovereign's pleasure, and his own request.

Awhile the father heard in speechless woe,
 And down his cheeks the tears began to flow,
 But strong reflection, with prevailing pow'r,
 Came to his aid, and stopp'd the briny show'r :
 He knew 'twas vain, t' oppose the monarch's will,
 To check the mind of Edward, vainer still,
 He bid the youth in falt'ring accents go,
 Where duty call'd, to fight his country's foe ;
 Invok'd a thousand blessings on his head,
 And mutual tears, in mingling streams were shed.

Now to the palace, the brave youth repairs,
 His bosom fill'd with strange unwonted cares ;
 His arms obtain'd, he join'd the soldier band,
 And march'd to drive the tyrants off the land :

Thus let us leave him, 'mid the scenes of blood,
And turn to view, the Hermit in the wood.

The second morning's cheerful light had shone,
That saw the Hermit in his cot alone,
Musing he sat, tho' pensive yet resign'd,
And many a passion fill'd his active mind,
Tho' dark the shades, his mind that overcast,
At once it grasp'd, the present and the past.
'Twas thus he sat, when o'er his narrow plain,
Advanc'd a party of the royal train,
In angry mood, approach'd the Hermit's cot,
And bore him wond'ring from the much-lov'd spot ;
Thro' gloomy ways, and mazy windings led,
Nor answer'd ought, to what the pris'ner said :
Yet tho' his meek requests the guards deny,
They dread the virtuous rigour of his eye.
Now to the throne they bear him, and present—
(The aged man before the Monarch bent,)
The Queen with wild disorder'd looks was near,
And Anna pale with wonder and with fear ;
When thus the King,—“ 'Tis our command you tell,

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"How in th' adjacent wood, you came to dwell,
 "Your life how spent, deserving praise or blame,
 "Your deeds, your views, your country, and your name;
 "But first, inform us, where in all the land,
 "You found this treasure, this our infant's band."

He paus'd, but when the humble Hermit told,
 'Twas Edward's nurse who gave the prize of old,
 With her last breath, on that remember'd day,
 When death was cheated of his youthful prey;
 The King, the Queen, the maid, and all around,
 Flew to his arms, and bless'd the joyful sound,
 In lively exclamations, vent their joy,
 For Edward was their lost recover'd boy!

Now in the midst, their welcome guest was plac'd,
 With every mark of royal favor grac'd,
 The nodding King, admir'd the welcome man,
 And thus the sire his own sad tale began:

"Fairest and loveliest spot of all the earth,
 "The chalky cliff's of Albion, claim my birth;
 "Pure seat of nature, for unequal'd there,
 "Strength's in the soil, and health is in the air,

" The sky unclouded, and the prospect bright,
 " The valley fertile, and the mountain white.
 " Full many a summer, there my life I led,—
 " A virtuous part'ner bless'd my bosom bed,
 " Exempt from woe, and all the toils of care
 " We liv'd, nor earth produc'd a happier pair,
 " An ardent love in either heart was shed,—
 " But ah ! I live to mourn Maria dead.
 " Dark was the hour, when from my bosom torn,
 " (Where still her lovely image shall be worn,
 " She sunk in death's inexorable arms,
 " And lost in his embrace, her thousand charms :
 " My pleasures fled, that melancholy day,
 " And sought the grave where my Maria lay.
 " 'Twas vain to seek the cool and social shade,
 " Where oft her worth and beauty were display'd ;
 " 'Twas vain in active life to seek relief,
 " Since every view renew'd my madd'ning grief,
 " Thus press'd by sorrow, and affliction sore,
 " I left my Country, to return no more.
 " One darling child, her mother's image sweet,
 " In speechless anguish, clung around my feet—

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" I rais'd the weeping suff'rer, from the ground, }
 " Flew to the beach, and there a passage found, }
 " To old Hibernia was the vessel bound. }
 " Now on the liquid mountains high we rise,
 " The skilful helmsman, each precaution tries ;
 " A tempest drove us on the Irish shore,
 " I sunk, and saw my tender charge no more !
 " Yet heav'n preserv'd my life, a billow past,
 " That whirl'd in eddies to the roaring blast,
 " Borne on the flying surge, I touch'd the strand,
 " Then quick it fled, and left me on the land ;
 " But of my child no knowledge could I gain,
 " She sunk, and dying " sought my aid in vain :"
 " Sad, from the scene of death I wander'd far,
 " Where ne'er my eyes should view the morning star ;
 " A distant covert in yon wood I found,
 " And there I till'd a lonely spot of ground,
 " 'Till your fond son, by heav'n so kindly sent,
 " Reliev'd me, weary in the grassy tent."

The Queen beheld the tear upon his face.
 Then clasp'd a FATHER, in her fond embrace,—
 With tender cries, the stately palace rung,

Joy was in every heart, on every tongue,
 'Twas strange, but so the will of heav'n ordain'd,
 That day, a child's and parent's right she claim'd.

Thus they, while valiant on the bloody plain,
 The prince's arm, contended but to gain ;
 His vanquish'd foes, invok'd the southern gale,
 Confounded fled, and spread the coward sail ;
 While others stretch'd upon the injur'd land,
 Proclaim'd the strength of Edward's matchless hand.

As homeward on his way, the youth returns,
 Love, fear, and hope, usurp his thoughts by turns,
 And long he felt his anxious bosom move,
 Alike the slave of duty and of love ;
 At length obedient, to the wood he went,
 His steps unequal, his regard unspent.

The silent cottage row before him lay,
 Where oft he'd spent the sunshine of the day,
 Wond'ring he sees the solitary spot,
 And fears some mischief was the Hermit's lot :
 With hasty steps, he turns the clear to gain,
 Ere night commenc'd her slow descending reign,
 Nor stops, 'till near the castle's massy walls,
 He meets his aged friend, and on his bosom falls !

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Oh ! artless innocence, unus'd to trace,
The wiles and snares, of man's corrupted race,
When peace forsakes the badges and the star,
That shade the breast, the seat of mental war,
And spurns the richest gems that deck a crown.
She flies for shelter to thy russet gown.
" My son " the Hermit cried, my pray'r is heard,
" At length thy merit meets a just reward,
" To tell the grateful news, I flew to thee,
" Thy friend and grandsire too, behold in me,
" Heav'n, that beheld thy worth, now bids thee share,
" The King's regard, his offspring thou and heir !"
As one bewilder'd in some pleasing dream,
Half doubts, half believes, the sweet deluding theme,
So seem'd the Prince, and when the King carest,
And the Queen held him to her beating breast,
So great, so sweet, so sudden his surprise,
His heart could scarcely trust his wond'ring eyes :
But when his love, in all her pride advanc'd,
How rose his heart, how high his spirit danc'd ?
A sweet embrace she gave, and then he knew,
That bliss so exquisite, was not untrue.

The feast was spread, and at the King's command,
 A thousand bon-fires flam'd o'er all the land,
 From distant states their potent Lords repair'd,
 Partook the banquet, and the triumph shar'd :
 Three days they revell'd on the sumptuous feast,
 And the fourth morn had rose to tinge the east ;
 When rising from his green bespangled throne,
 The King bestow'd the virgin on his son ;
 The royal consort in her state was near,
 And o'er the pair she dropp'd a joyful tear,
 While the sage Hermit, and the Bishop grave,
 Approach'd the lovers, and their blessing gave.
 'Twere vain to tell how long the regal pair,
 Enjoy'd their rights, how good, how blest they were,
 But when revolving seasons brought the day,
 That call'd them from their well-earn'd crown away,
 Their virtuous offspring, train'd in every grace,
 Maintain'd their virtues, and supplied their place.

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The Disappointed Lover's Address to Memory.

WHAT art thou memory? Whence thy magic power?
So painful oft, yet oft so kind, [er?

When mazy thought usurps the mind,
And varied themes engross the passing hour:

Art thou a native of our earth?
Or do the regions claim thy birth,
Where bliss unfading ever bids thee stay,
To mark the joys of an eternal day.

Thy sacred current in the human soul,
With ever busy ebb and flow,
Moves the full tides of joy and woe,
As changeful time may bid that current roll:

Thus when the lunar orb of light,
Beams in full splendour to the sight,
The swelling ocean lifts its floods on high,
And bright reflects the glory of the sky.

But if thick brooding clouds obscure the moon,
And silver Cynthia in her way,
Conceal from half the world her ray,

44 THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER'S

The troubled ocean mourns her absence soon ;
Darkling retires amid his caves,
Nor lifts so high his briny waves,
The gloomy caverns feel the sullen roar,
And spreads the dismal scene frem shore to shore.

Thus memory, on the ever active mind,
When joy directs its dancing beam,
To shine upon thy flowing stream,
Thy themes are ever pleasing, ever kind ;
But ah ! when sorrow and her train,
Usurp the trembling soul again ;
No beam of joy thy cheerless light bestows,
Nor friendly gloom is thine, for soft repose.

Ah ! tell me not sad mem'ry, of the days,
When free and careless as the breeze,
That mov'd along the rustling trees,
I sung responsive to the wild bird's lays ;—
When natures colours could impart,
The swell of pleasure to my heart,
And youth and beauty, in Amanda strove,
With purest charms, to court my heart to love !

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But paint the morn that bid these pleasures end,
 (What best befits my prospects now,)
 The plighted troth, the broken vow,
The perjur'd *lover*, and the faithless *friend*:
 And while yon bright pellucid beam
 Gilds the soft bosom of the stream,
Oh ! bid me mourn my well remember'd woes,
Then,—cease a while, and leave me to repose.
I too, have felt the raptures thou canst bring,
 When quickly in the throbbing breast
 Some treasur'd scene by fancy blest,
Bids every fibre of the bosom spring;
 Then soft ascending to the brain,
 The warm enchantment once again,
Melts the whole soul, and with resistless sway,
Drives from its place, each anxious thought away.
And ah ! when absent from a much lov'd friend,
 Well hast thou taught me oft to trace,
 Each well known feature of his face,
And every line within thy core to blend,—
 Thus, tho' *EGGENIUS* far away,
 Braves the stern dangers of the sea,

46 THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER'S

Methinks I see him from the beaten strand,
"Tall on the mast," approaching to the land.

But ah! forbear to goad my wounded heart,
Nor shew the soul-seducing maid,
Who charm'd me to the sylvan shade,
Then left me bleeding to bewail the smart:
She went, and with her every joy,
That time and fortune could destroy,—
My hopes and prospects, vanished on the wind,
And not one friendly comfort staid behind.

Yet I must think—and still by thee inspir'd,
My wand'ring fancy ever roves
Among the shelt'ring silent groves,
Where first her charms my youthful bosom fir'd;—
Returning with a thousand woes,
Thought after thought, successive grows,
'Till with strange pow'r, the well connected chain,
Fills every crevice of the soul with pain.

Oh! cease thou worse than hated death, to rend,
A heart already swoll'n—forbear—
The glim'ring spark of reason spare,

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That sinks too dim, too feeble, to ascend;
Already has my vanquish'd heart,
Own'd the full triumphs of thy art,
And while impatience throbb'd in every vein,
I've fondly strove the torture to restrain.

Thus when the mountain flood in fury raves,
The troubl'd peasant views the sands
Wide scatt'ring o'er his valu'd lands,
And strives to bound the lawless roaring waves;—
The furious billows foaming gray,
Relentless tear the mound away,
'Till like a troubl'd lake the stream is grown,
And all the cover'd landscape is its own.

Or as (from its position torn away,)
The ever faithful needle mourns,
The adverse change, and conscious turns,
With quiv'ring haste to seek its kindred way;
'Till fix'd at length, with steady aim,
It points the true the polar flame,
Nor raging storm, nor angry swelling wave,
Can change the course the fond attraction gave.

And oft in melancholy's painful hour,
 I've with the force of reason tried,
 To turn thy ruthless stream aside,
 To lave some channel that could bear its pow'r :
 And oft I've tried to point thy beam,
 Where hope display'd a distant gleam,
 But still exploring all my bosom o'er,
 It sought the half-clos'd wound that bled before.

Yet thou must fail : and death again restore,
 Peace to a sad repining breast,
 Too long estrang'd from joy and rest,
 And fated long, thy keenness to deplore :—
 Oh ! then thou Pow'r whose friendly ray,
 First touch'd with light yon orb of day,
 Calm be my slumbers, in my clay-form'd bed,
 And blest the morn that lays me with the dead.

And lo ! on fleetest wings of mercy borne,
 I see th' approaching dart of death,
 Ordain'd to stop this gasping breath,
 And lay my mould'ring relics in the urn :
 Hasten then each friendly sorrow, come,
 Prepare me for the narrow tomb,

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Where pain, and life, and memory, are o'er,
And false Amanda can torment no more.



Armin and Amanda.

A TALE.

IN AR in the skirts of yonder dale,
Where blooms the mountain rose,
And ev'ry wild flow'r of the vale
In rich luxuriance grows ;

Where rolls the stream with rapid force,
Emerging from the wood,
And in the valley winds its course,
The cot of Armin stood.

No artist learn'd in Gothic lore,
Had rais'd its slender wall ;
No splendid mouldings grac'd the door,
No paintings deck'd the hall.—

D

But there a gem, transcendant bright,
 Its native worth display'd ;
 It shed its purest beams, to night,
 And glitter'd in the shade,

'Twas fair Amanda, great by birth,
 But greater still in charms ;
 And sure, if bliss be found on earth,
 'Twas centr'd in her arms.

The crowded City she had left,
 And sought the silent grove ;
 Of every earthly joy bereft,
 But Armin and his love.

And oft she thought while thus alone,
 From busy life retir'd ;
 'Twas better live, belov'd by *one*,
 Then, be by *all* admir'd.

Her own, her much lov'd Armin there,
 In humble life was true :
 He lov'd her with a husband's care,
 A husband's fondness too.

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Each moment, as it fled along,
Beheld their rising joys,
Unknown to them the giddy throng,
Their pleasures and their toys.

The lark that hail'd the coming morn,
For them proclaim'd the light ;
The thrush that warbled in the thorn,
Their music sung by night.

The lambs that skipt along the green,
Or on the pasture lay ;
With grazing watchful dam's between,
Amus'd them with their play.

The rural spade—the shepherd's crook,
Their morning task began—
And ev'ning claim'd, some treasur'd book,
To tell the wiles of man.

Thus fled their days,—while beauty smil'd,
Affection hail'd the ray :
A mutual love their cares beguil'd,
Contentment smooth'd their way—

'Till, on Amanda's lovely face,
 Some secret anguish stole ;
 And dimm'd the seat of every grace,
 The mirror of her soul.

Her Armin saw the spreading gloom,
 That shaded o'er her charms ;
 Unconscious why their wonted bloom,
 Had wither'd in his arms.

" Oh ! lov'd Amanda," he exclaim'd,
 " Thou best of woman-kind,
 " Some hidden sorrow, long unnam'd,
 " Has prey'd upon thy mind :

" Would'st thou retrace the busy life,
 " Which once thy childhood knew ;
 " And view the scenes of noise and strife,
 " Thy Armin follows too.

" Or would'st thou o'er the rolling deep,
 " To other lands repair ;
 " Still, faithful to the charge I keep,
 " My love shall lead me there.

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“The mighty anguish then reveal,
“Nor bear your grief alone;
“My breast each pain of thine shall feel,
“Make every pang its own.”

He ceas'd—Amanda saw his fear,
And ere she made reply,
She kiss'd away the briny tear,
That glisten'd in his eye.

“Nor change of scene, nor change of clime,
“Have I repin'd to see;
“Crown'd with the bliss of being thine,
“The world's alike to me.

“From deeper source, my sorrow flows;
“In vain would you desire,
“To light the burden of my woes,
“Or quench the glowing fire.

“Some hidden pow'r, with ceaseless breath,
“Still tells my boding mind;
“That thou, shalt soon be lost in death,
“And I, be left behind.

- " In life sequester'd and forlorn,
 " What could your lover do ?
 " Since from its place, each pleasure torn,
 " Should fly along with you."
- " Oh hush your grief," the husband cried,
 " 'Tis all a lurking thought,
 " By ceaseless study, still supplied,
 " And slumbers, 'till its sought.
- " Forget your sorrows, dry your tears,
 " And wait his great command ;
 " Who rules the world, and holds the spheres,
 " In his ALMIGHTY hand.
- " For should my soul be call'd away,
 " At his permission free ;
 " Oft would it leave the realms of day,
 " To come and gaze on thee.
- " To yonder distant rising ground,
 " Where blooms the spreading tree ;
 " My spirit, unrestrain'd would bound,
 " And converse hold with thee."

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As when by winter's fetters bound,
The streamlet seeks to gain,
Some secret channel under ground,
Its waters to contain ;

When lo ! the sun with friendly ray,
Dissolves the icy foe ;
The rills again resume their way,
Exulting as they flow.

So free, so gentle, thro' her veins,
The vital current flew,
Contentment its glad pow'r regains,
And fills her breast anew.

Returning spring had now began,
Her all reviving reign ;
Quick down the hills, the streamlets ran,
And verdure deck'd the plain.

Ascending linnets, on the wing,
Pour'd forth their sweetest lays ;
And hail'd the welcome ray of spring,
The solace of their days.

Half pendent o'er the river's side,
 The palmy willows grew :
 Or dipp'd their branches in the tide,
 That near the margin flew.

From flow'rs, amid the grassy blade,
 A thousand sweets arise ;
 That shed their fragrance in the shade,
 Or spend it in the skies.

But who, that marks the lapse of years,
 Would trust the sudden glare ?
 Westward, a sable cloud appears,
 And darkens all the air.

The Eagle views th' impending storm,
 And seeks his place of rest ;
 The Hare skips nimbly to its form,
 The swallow seeks her nest.

Home as the school-boy bends his way,
 The tempest's force he feels ;
 That bars another moment's play,
 Close rattling at his heels.

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And quick, where late the Shepherds stood,
Exulting in the ray;
The strong, the yellow mountain flood,
Bears rocks and trees away.

'Twas thus the elemental war,
With fury rag'd around,
And ruin, mounted on his car,
Struck forests to the ground.

When from his hamlet, Armin view'd,
A lamb, Amanda's care,
Hard struggling in the foaming flood,
That tost its waves in air—

Quick in the torrent's verge he flies,—
The torrent turns him round;
Too late to gain the bank he tries—
He sinks, fatigu'd, and drown'd!

E'en then, amid the mortal strife,
That shook his tortur'd frame;
With nature on the verge of life,
He spoke Amanda's name.

With chilling fear, and frantic scream,
 The fair beheld her love,
 Now, sink beneath the fatal stream,
 And, lifeless rise above.

Then falling on the grassy brink,
 She dream'd her griefs were o'er;
 But ah! she wak'd again, to think,
 That Armin was no more!

Close driven in an eddying nook,
 The flood the body bore;
 Amanda reach'd it, with her crook,
 And pull'd it to the shore.

Then in her arms the burthen rais'd,
 To give the fond embrace,
 O'er all his lifeless features gaz'd—
 With tears bedew'd his face:

“Oh Heav'n!” she cried, “the friendly heart,
 “No more with life shall glow,
 “That health, and life itself, would part,
 “To cure another's woe.

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“ The lips that mov'd attendant joys,

“ My sorrows to beguile ;

“ No more shall soothe me with their voice,

“ Or cheer me with their smile.

“ Oh speak my Armin—is thy breath

“ Forever ever fled ?—

“ Is this the chilly grasp of death,

“ And art thou cold and dead ?”

Now settled over half the globe,

A dismal darkness lay ;

The dead, she cover'd with her robe ;

Then slowly mov'd away.

But ah ! each object in the cot,

The floor—the naked walls—

Reminds her of her wretched lot,

Her Armin lost, recalls.

Around her rolling eyes she turns,

With wide and vacant stare ;

Her breast with matchless anguish burns,

For Armin was not there.

She mourn'd the heavy ills of life,
 That crowd the wretches way ;
 'Till reason, weary of the strife,
 Resign'd her sinking ray.

The rising moon, dim glancing shone,
 To light the mountain side ;
 When forth she went, unseen, alone,
 And " Armin " thrice she cried.

" Didst thou not promise to return,
 " Beneath this willow tree ?
 " To bid Amanda cease to mourn,
 " And converse hold with me."

The leaves sigh'd mournful in the breeze,
 She hears no voice around ;
 A heavier blast disturbs the trees,
 With melancholy sound.

'Twas near the spot where Armin slept,
 With undisturb'd repose ;
 The mourner saw,—again she wept
 The burden of her woes.

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In sensible to all but grief,
 As on the corpse she lay,
 His spirit came to her relief,
 And kiss'd her soul away !

The Shepherds found the hapless pair,
 In joy, and sorrow, true ;
 And rais'd their grassy mansion there,
 Beneath yon spreading yew.



Lines

*Written on the Grave of Carolan.**

SHADE of the great, whose melting song,
 Could once, the purest grief inspire ;
 When nature led an artless throng,
 The willing captives of thy lyre :

* Carolan was one of the last, though not the least eminent of the Irish Bards. As a Poet and Musician he had perhaps no equals in his time : his songs are still in great repute all over Ireland, and the plaintive melodies of his harp will it is supposed forever remain unrivalled ; to the brilliancy of a wit he added all the gravity of a great genius ; he died in extreme poverty.

Bend from the throne of clouds, where now,
 Thy fingers touch the golden strings;
 Where all, who see that touch; allow,
 How sweet the music which it brings:

Bend, where in this sequester'd vale;
 Made sacred, by thy tuneful name;
 A youthful Bard, invokes thy aid,
 That fain would emulate thy fame:

Lo! here young zephyr, gently blows,
 The flow'rs, that spring in early bloom;
 And here, the breath of friendship glows,
 To mourn thy ashes in the tomb.

And here the sun's most lucid ray,
 Shines on the sad, the honor'd ground;
 Glows in the heat, the pride of day,
 Nor beams so pure a light around.

Thus fancy speaks, yet fancy led
 By strong affection, often strays;
 'Till sage reflection in her stead,
 Confers with truth, the meed of praise.

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And oh ! if ever in the space,
Where fame inscribes the wise and brave ;
The sons of Genius find a place,
Thee Carolan, the muse shall save.

'Twas nature taught thy harp the way,
Each madd'ning passion to controul ;
Breath'd on thy heart, her own sweet lay,
And fill'd thy heav'n aspiring soul.

But ah ! how fate with constant frown,
The thorny path to thee assign'd,
On all thy worth, unmov'd look down,
In life unchang'd, in death unkind :

For here, where mourns the whistling grass,
The sole response of Erin's woe,
No sculptur'd stone, to those who pass,
Proclaims that thou art laid below.

Nor this forsaken spot alone,
A lesson to the mind supplies :
Since many a kindred space is known,
Where dullness lives, and genius dies.

The toys of wealth, and pamper'd pride,
 That shed a false delusive glare;
 Inveigle flatt'ry on their side,
 The triumphs of her art to share.

'Thus, oft the monument is rais'd,
 Tho' science marks its tale untrue—
 Thus oft, the sordid dust is prais'd,
 And wears the palm to merit due.

But in the rustics artless tear,
 Thy fame is firm, thy mem'ry strong;
 And fresh in each returning year,
 Shall live the numbers of thy song.

E'en now, wrapt fancy hears thy strains,
 In murmurs wake the mountain high;
 While echo bears them to the plains,
 Then, gives them trembling to the sky.

And once again she views thy form,
 Forlorn, and destitute, and blind;
 By age reduc'd, by sickness worn,
 Fl'ing all its sorrows, to the wind,

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She sees thee on the moory hill,
By want distrest—by hunger led,
Explore the wand'rings of the rill,
Alone to eat thy mouldy bread.

Oh! cease bold vision, hence, away!
Nor paint the mournful hour he dies;
Shew not the humble spot he lay,
With not a friend, to close his eyes.

Tho' poor the sons of Erin live,
Their woes supprest, their pleasures small;
Yet friends to want, they freely give,
A portion of their little all.

Tho' hard their toils, their passions strong,
They ever boast a noble mind;
That owns the charms of magic song,
And mourns the griefs of all mankind.

The Convict's Lament.

OH! dark was the crime, the first cause of my sorrow,
 And dark is the cell, where I languish confin'd:
 And dark is the scene that awaits me to-morrow,
 But blacker, the midnight that hangs on my mind.

How short is the time that's allow'd for reflection,—
 Yet weary of time, I would dream it away,
 While a Father's distress, and a Mother's affection,
 Invoke the sad moment of fate to delay.

The stranger who pities, the injur'd who hate me,
 The friends who bemoan, and the foes who disdain,
 The shame, the remorse, and the pain that await me,
 Add each a new sting, to the sum of my pain.

Oh! time, thou avenger of guilt and of folly,
 How swift is thy pinion, how short is thy stay:
 Tho' now in the moments of lone melancholy,
 I've urg'd thee to fly with my sorrow away.

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Oh ! were I permitted unfetter'd to rove,
 Along the dear banks of my own native stream,
 Would truth in the sunshine of certainty prove,
 This scene of distress to be only a dream :

Then, blest in the sheltering shade of the wild wood,
 Too early forsaken, for tumult and noise ;
 These feet would retrace every step of my childhood,
 This heart would respond, to its innocent joys.

But why does the current of fancy thus lead me,
 To gaze on the spring of my life's morning bloom ?
 Then wind its sad way from the prospect and leave me,
 To mourn at the side of a murderer's tomb ?

These hard heavy chains that inflexible bind me,
 And hold every limb in their painful embrace ;
 With many a clang on the pavement, remind me,
 That justice has mark'd me the prey of disgrace.

But hark ! yon shrill noise all the prison astounding,
 In murmurs ungrateful, rings loud on my ear ;
 Perhaps 'tis the knell of my death that is sounding,—
 How dark is my prison, how lonely and drear !

See, fill'd with compassion, yon herald of mercy,
 Of mercy divine, (for no other can save ;)
 He tells me that heav'n, yet in pity may bless me,
 And sign my acquittal from death and the grave,

He bids me, (and ah ! might I learn to obey him,)
 Each care, and each pleasure, of life to resign ;
 May heav'n with its own purest mercy repay him,
 And guard his departure, from sorrows like mine.



Verses on Friendship.

SOFT as the social hand, to nature dear,
 That wipes from pity's cheek the falling tear,
 Mild as the gentle breeze that wakes the morn,
 When philomelia hails the day's return,
 Warm as the genial Sun's diffusive ray,
 When o'er Siberia's waste it scatters day,
 Is friendship—Heavenly born, divinely fair,
 And sent on Earth to banish pain and care.
 Behold the wretch whose sad distracted mind,

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VERSES ON FRIENDSHIP.

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Impatient seeks in death a kind relief,
 Or silent sinks beneath a load of grief,
 And tries in vain the least respite to find :
 To him, the friendly pow'r, her succour lends,
 Soothes every care his troubled breast that rends,
 Disarms th' impending melancholy doom,
 And from the anxious bosom banishes its gloom.

Yet not alone when cares distress,
 She pours her comforts on the breast,
 Sweet antidote of pain and woe :
 But while her willing hands impart
 A balsam to the wounded heart,
 She heightens every joy that mortals know.

Blest is the man, no more in life alone,
 Who finds a heart congenial with his own,
 Where mutual cares, and mutual joys may rest,
 Alike elated, and alike distress,
 Prepar'd by heaven to heighten or sustain,
 The smiles of fortune, or the stings of pain,
 The generous aid, with aid united grows,
 'Till care and sorrow soften to repose.

Thus when the taper's lone sequester'd blaze,
 With quiv'ring beam emits a sickly light,
 Unequal to expel the the gloom of night,
 'Till kindred fires unite their friendly rays :
 Then with communicative pow'r they glow,
 A brighter light their cheerful beams bestow,
 Around they shine, an emblem of the day,
 And banish gloomy darkness far away.

Yes, tho' misanthropy may plead,
 That virtue from the world is fled,
 And for her loss in cells repine ;
 To view her still in friendship's form,
 To feel her breath my bosom warm,
 And taste her purest sweets, be ever mine.

Grant me, kind Heav'n, (for thine it is to give
 The various blessings which our wants relieve,)
 A constant friend, whom int'rest cannot sway,
 To smile perfidious, and his trust betray,
 Whose faith unalter'd ever shall remain,
 In sorrow true—in joy without a stain,
 Then shall my love an equal tribute pay,

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And only end with life's uncertain day.
 And oh! thou source from whence my bliss began,
 Almighty Parent of the human race,
 Whose love divine extends beyond the space,
 Thy wisdom bounded for the life of man:
 When all my earthly joys and sorrows o'er,
 I close my eyes, to view the light no more,
 While fond affection, willing yet to save,
 Shall hang in vain upon my silent grave;
 'Tis thine Great Pow'r, to gild my way.
 To regions of eternal day,
 And friendly spirits in the skies;
 And while my breath recedes in night,
 Let death unveil the purest light,
 And views SERAPHIC swell upon my eyes.

A Dream,
*In imitation of Ossian.**

THE dark shade of the night had cover'd the plains of
Ross,

And horror rested on the mountain, the roaring
Flood in its fury, dash'd from the high rocks,
I laid my head on the grave of Mary,
And sleep stole on my senses; hail! thou dream
Of the dark midnight hour, hail! thou strong
Image of scenes departed, let me view
Thy sweet form, in the stream of fancy—
The sound of sorrow came from the hills,
The blood of my heart run cold; and before me
Stood the ghost of Mary. Her white hand was rais'd,
And shame bent my eyes from her looks. For anger
Gave a sting to her keen glance, and her beauty
Was departed. "Thy guilty brow is turn'd

* When this and the little poem called the Harper, were first written, the author had never seen Mr. M'Pherson's superior method of translating in the same style—consequently he has endeavoured to imitate the original by retaining nearly an equal number of feet in the verses.

Away," said the pale shadow, "and the cold
Cheek of death, has no charms for the guilty :—
Yet, hear me, son of the wild cave of the rock,
Hard and cold, shall be the bed of thy youth,
And sorrow shall meet thee in the paths of mirth;
To thee, shall the green fields lose their verdure,
And the sweet song of the bird of the morning,
Shall no more delight thee. By thee the heart
That trusted in thy false vows, was deceiv'd ;
And the eye that view'd thee with fond affection,
Was bereft of its bright beams forever.
Soft and sweet, would thy soothing words, paint the
Bliss of my life, but deception was in
Thy voice, and folly closed my destruction.—
Death was in the wound, and life and honor
On the wings of the dark storm, bemoan'd
Themselves, to the rude blast of midnight—
Adieu: could guilt like thine find sweet mercy,
Then should I bear thy sharp sorrows, to the
Throne of the Eternal." A heavier blast
Beat the brown heath ; a thousand spirits pass'd
On its dark wing. Each on its floating cloud
Mann'd "revenge." But Mary was silent :

Her blue eye shone with pity, and its tear
 Fell for the guilty. Sudden I started—
 The moon shone on the stream. The hill was silent.



To Lucy.

THAT bounteous nature form'd you fair,
 Is past a doubt—yet Lucy why,
 Still make these charms your only care,
 That bloom to fade, and live to die.

Or has not Heav'n one thought design'd,
 That might the passing moment claim ;
 Shed its bright lustre on the mind,
 And banish every selfish aim,

Is there no latent charm within,
 That now unsought neglected lies ;
 And form'd to grace, to please, and win,
 Conceal'd from view, neglected dies.

Oh ! yes, a lovely form like thine,
 Must glow with more than mortal fire—
 Then, bid that spark of beauty shine,
 And to its native source aspire.

To Eliza.

IS there a *smile*, whose op'ning ray,
 Can gild the depth of mental gloom ;
 Through shades of sorrow find its way,
 The darken'd bosom to illumine ?

Is there a *look* whose soothing balm,
 Can still the fever of the soul ;
 Bid the rough sea of thought, be calm,
 The waves of sorrow cease to roll ?

That *smile* and *look* are ever thine,
 Along thy lovely lips they play ;
 Or in thy eyes unclouded shine,
 Yet unaccustom'd to betray.

Is there a *grace*, whose chain can bind,
 Each ruder passion of the breast ;
 A willing captive lead the mind,
 And hush each care of life to rest ?

Is there a *charm* whose wond'rous pow'r,
 Like fairy spells, can reach the heart,

Approach in sad misfortunes hour,
 And from its wound, extract the dart ?

That *grace* and *charm* are thine, alone,
 By Angels to a mortal giv'n ;
 And each endearment is thy own,
 That forms a duplicate of Heav'n !



TO ———

COULD fancy's self, invent a name,
 To speak the bosom-melting flame,
 That preys upon my heart ;
 Could I the mournful cause disclose,
 E'en she the cause of all my woes,
 Would bear a friendly part.—

Such beauty to a mortal face,
 Such striking dignity and grace,
 Are surely seldom giv'n ;
 The charms that thus, united shine,
 In that angelic face of thine,
 Must be the gift of heav'n.

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It seems as nature had design'd,
Thee, fairest form of womankind,
 Array'd in beauty's vest ;
To spare her old inventive pains,
While one ORIGINAL remains,
 To copy all the rest.



The Farewell.

FAREWELL my Julia, lovely maid,
For you I string my panting lyre,
Yet once again, thy lover aid,
Yet once again, his verse inspire :
For ah ! to paint the parting scene,
My heart that sinks beneath its woe,
But faintly marks the muses beam,
Or, bids the tear of sorrow flow.

'Mid griefs detested sharp alarm,
Well could thy look restore my peace ;
When urg'd by passions wildest storm,
Thy smile could make the tempest cease :

Fond memory, on departed times,
 Shall weep her passage o'er the sea;
 And when in other lands and climes,
 My heart shall linger still with thee.

In evening's sweet refreshing hour,
 Oft have we sought the silent grove;
 And seated in the woodbine bow'r,
 Enjoy'd the sweets of virtuous love:—
 With thee, sweet girl, (the fates compel,)
 A thousand comforts I resign;
 Contentment bids my breast farewell,
 And joy no longer shall be mine.



The Parting.

CLASP'D in her trembling arms the youth was prest,
 While strong emotious labor'd in her breast,
 Her eye, that fondly view'd his much-lov'd form,
 Was dim'd by tears, in quick succession warm;
 Her feeble voice with lab'ring sobs was drown'd,
 And o'er her head a sable crape was bound;—
 She started at the sound "And must we part?"

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"Oh ! yes" she cried, "thou idol of my heart,

"This gloomy moment tear thyself away,

"From these weak arms, that fondly court thy stay—

"Thou Sov'reign Lord whose all-enliv'ning pow'r,

"From shades of night, can call the morning hour,

"Assist my feeble nature to sustain,

"This sad reverse, of more than mortal pain :

"And Oh ! if Heav'n with kind attentive care,

"Bend down an humble mortal's suit to hear,

"On this lov'd youth let Heav'n's own blessings fall,

"All time and death shall close the fate of all."

The fond embrace they took, so wont to prove,

The faithful ardour of an equal love :—

Then as he mov'd with "pensive steps and slow,"

And eyes averted from the scene of woe,

Transfix'd she stood, half senseless in amaze,

'Till willows hid him from her ardent gaze ;

But who can tell her prayer—the deep-drawn sigh

Was heard, and Angels bore it to the sky !

To Miss P——

ACCEPT, sweet Maid, the Poet's grateful lay,
 A tribute which the Bard is proud to pay ;
 Nor blame a hand that to its purpose true,
 Tho' trembling, would attempt thy praises too :—
 But ah ! the Muse tho' glad her stores to bring,
 Accustom'd merit less refin'd to sing,
 Half shrinks, unequal to the tempting strain,
 Bewilder'd in a maze of soft delicious pain !

The simple Poet whose unheeded lays,
 Exempt from blame, would scarcely covet praise,
 By thee led on, would bid his verse aspire,
 To glow with numbers of Celestial fire,
 And with the love of Glory mov'd would aim,
 To court the smile of never-dying Fame.
 Fair friend of Science, taught in early years,
 To love the soil, where virtue's fruit appears,
 If Heaven have mark'd with sentimental trace,
 Half thy *heart's* virtues, in thy smiling face,

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One modest look of thy unclouded eyes,
 Would from the Graces bear away the prize !



The Soldier's Glory.

WHILE poverty and pain united grow,
 And check the joys which pleasure would bestow,
 While dark surrounding clouds with shades of night,
 Mix with our sunshine, and avert the light,
 While virtue mourns her sad unhappy lot,
 By foes despis'd, by seeming friends forgot,—
 Cold is the heart, and doubly bound the hand,
 That can the warm impassion'd suit withstand,
 Nor yield redress, where supplications flow,
 With all the "sad variety of woe."

But the glad Muse, that soars on joyful wing,
 Th' increasing merit of the age to sing,
 Beholds the pleasing scene, with sparkling eye,
 And bids the timid Bard, the dazzling subject try.

The youthful warrior whose undaunted feet,
 Haste to the distant foe, he longs to meet,
 Whose heart expands, when o'er the tented vale,

Britannia spreads her Ensign to the gale ;
 Whose arms, in freedom's cause, untaught to yield,
 Full oft has gain'd the well-disputed field,
 At friendship's call, can heave the sigh of woe
 Or bid the softer tear of pity flow ;
 Untaught by art, can feel another's grief,
 Unmov'd by love of praise, can lend relief,
 Such is our Country's boast, for heav'n design'd,
 Two virtues chief, to mark the British mind,
 By these inspir'd her ardent sons obey,
 Courage to lead, humanity to sway,
 See where the vet'ran lays his arms aside,
 His Country's glory once, his Country's pride,
 No more his hands their wonted task forego,
 Since smiling peace maintains her reign below ;
 No more the scenes of war his thoughts employ,
 But glows his heart with pure domestic joy :
 'Tis his the stranger's sorrows to redress,
 And plead the cause of virtue in distress ;
 With sweet consoling pow'r and skill to dry,
 The tear that trickles from misfortune's eye—
 To bid the shades of sorrow pass away,
 And bless the mourner with a brighter day ;

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Thus, all the toils of war and discord o'er,
 And DOUGLAS landed on our native shore,
 His heart that scorn'd the sharpest edge of pain,
 Now swells and warms, to pity's moving strain ;
 Where *friendship calls*, devotes the social hour,
 Where *pity claims*, directs his ready pow'r,
 The lone Hibernian, distant from his Isle,
 Where nature glows with beauty's fairest smile,
 Whose arms no more Britannia's cause maintain,
 While blooms the olive on her fertile plain ;
 To distant lands, by freedom taught to roam,
 To find the comfort that's denied at home ;
 His country's friend in Douglas sure to find,
 Forgets the sorrows he has left behind,
 Exulting feels the debt, he loves to owe,
 And fans the grateful flame that bids his bosom glow !



The Harper,

In imitation of Ossian.

I SAW him cross the green fields, his right hand
 Held a long cane, the support of his weak
 Limbs, and the guide of his falt'ring steps.

His dark eye tho' depriv'd of the bright beam,
 Whose power gilds the cheerful day as it goes,
 Yet seem'd bent on the charms of the rich lawn :

Down his shoulders, on which age sat heavy,
 Hung his gray hair ;— his left hand held his Harp—
 It was made in ancient times, when the sons
 Of its Isle were free and happy : Oh ! land
 Of Heroes departed, 'twas then thy Bards,
 Could awake its sweet sounds into rapture.

He sat on a green bank where the wild rose
 And the sweet shamrock scented the fresh gale,—
 He touch'd the chords of his Harp, and Music,
 Sweet-sounding Music transpir'd. Soft-stealing,
 The notes breath'd peace and rural happiness :
 Every tumult of the soul was suppress'd ;
 And Nature join'd in the mild song : around
 The flocks seem'd to rejoice while, they listen'd.

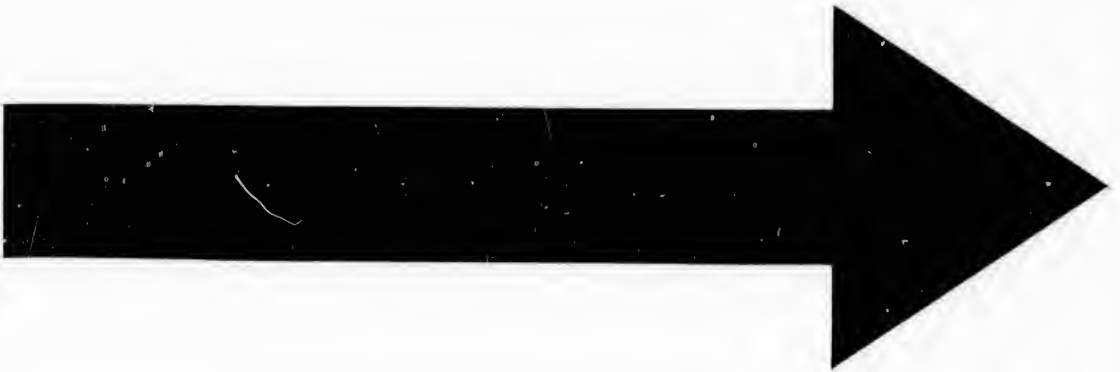
He next sung of war,—discord was on the wire,
 Nor is the sound of thunder more dreadful,
 When it echos in the distant mountains,
 Than were the martial strains of the minstrel :—
 The loud clang of arms, and the shrill trumpet,

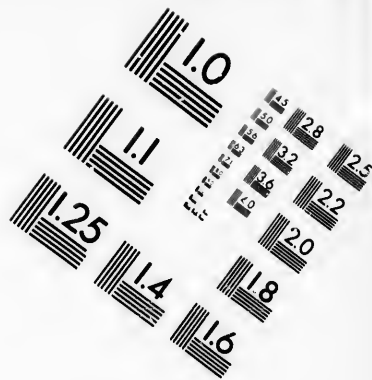
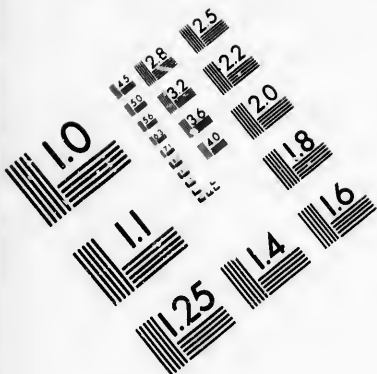
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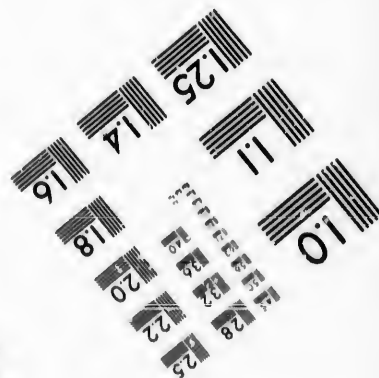
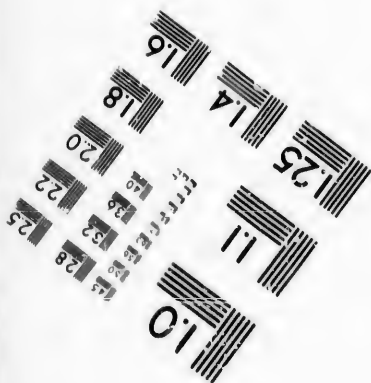
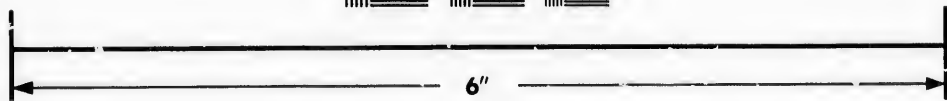
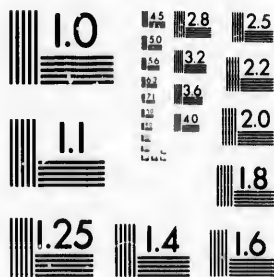
Rung on the ear, like a horrid tempest ;—
The flocks forsook their green pasture, and fled
To the wild rocks. He paus'd, and sweet was the change
When he sung of love, the strong affection,
Soft persuasion, and true passion, it inspires :
Responsive echos from afar, answer'd
To the chaste notes of rural love ; hope with
Her gay train sported in the air, attun'd
His tear wash'd Lyre, and gave life to the sound.

But oh ! when he sung of his native Isle,
When he told his artless tale of the wrongs
And the ills of ERIN ; his soul kindled,
And his faithful harp answer'd to the grief
That fill'd his sad heart : anger for a while,
Rul'd every touch of his bold hand ;—trembling
In the breeze, complaint follow'd, till tears,
Stream'd from their dark orbs, and check'd his fancy.
He rose, and the plaintive notes still linger'd,
While he mov'd, sad and slow to his hamlet.—
The sons of Erin were great, and their renown
Lives in the song of the aged ; the Bards
Of Erin were many, and sweet were their songs !





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To Phillips,

On reading his Emerald Isle.

SWEET as the odours of the spicy gale,
 When morning breezes fan the flow'ry vale,
 Sweet as the Æolian Harp its music brings,
 When Zephyrs gently move along the strings,
 Sweet as the thought that forms the lover's dream,
 When sportive fancy moulds the lovely theme,
 Phillips, thy strains a tender joy impart,
 And with resistless graces win the heart.
 Or as the exile fated long to roam,
 Far from the comforts of his native home,
 Sees with delight, each object once again,
 That led his childhood on the dewy plain;
 Walks with emotion o'er the rising ground,
 To view each once familiar scene around;—
 So warms the bosom, while thy melting lays,
 Revive the memory of departed days!
 And while the dazzling subject we pursue,
 A thousand beauties open to our view.

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*Here from the solitary shade of night,
 That casts a doubtful veil upon the sight,
 Departed saints and patriots for a while
 Spring into life, and cheer their lonely Isle ;
 And Heroes mingle with the radiant blaze,
 That fills surrounding nations with amaze.
 There fancy bright, attends thy flow'ry lay,
 Where smile eternal spring and blooming May,
 While fields Elysian like, their fragrance share,
 And mingling music floats on scented air,
 Consenting nature, marks the true design,
 And owns thy wond'rous pencil half divine.*



Ode to Ireland.

OH Erin ! Island of my birth,
 Thou fairest, loveliest spot on earth,
 Accept my humble strains :
 Fain would I sing thy heath brown hills,
 Thy verdant fields, thy cooling rills,
 And wide extended plains.

Oh ! by the blood that fervent flows,
 When mem'ry tells thy bleeding woes,
 By every pulse that warms,
 With rude assault my throbbing breast,
 Thy image deeply there imprest,
 For ever lives and charms.

Sooner may mem'ry die away,
 And reason's last retreating ray,
 Forsake my vacant mind ;
 Than I forget my native land,
 Or cease to love the patriot band,
 To Erin's int'rest kind !



An Elegy

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

FORTH from her melancholy ivy bow'r,
 With deadly nightshade o'er her temples bound,
 The weeping Muse seeks yonder distant tow'r,*
 To breathe the sad and solitary sound.

* The late residence of Lord Byron, in England.

In ev'ry note, the keenest sorrow flows,
 Her kindling fertile fancy can create ;
 She mourns her own, she mourns a Nation's woes,
 And bends reluctant to the stroke of fate.

Attentive echo, hears the plaintive tale,
 And bears it trembling to each distant shore,
 The solemn tones, slow sounding on the gale,
 Proclaim, " th' Immortal BYRON is no more !"

Lost is the voice, whose ev'ry note could charm,
 The crowded City, or the silent grove ;
 Cold is the heart, whose ev'ry thrill could warm,
 The yielding senses, with the song of love !

To form the strength of his amazing thought,
 Each noble gift of Genius, was design'd ;
 As if by him, consenting Heav'n had taught,
 The scope of fancy in the human mind.

Yet, let not weak presumptuous man proclaim,
 Reason, unerring master of the soul ;
 E'en Byron, blest with reason's purest flame,
 Wander'd, an exile from contentment's goal.

90 ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Nor let the simple sons of humble life,
Arraign the pow'r that mark'd their lot so low.
Unurg'd by pride, the passions cease their strife,
And in religion's well form'd channel flow.

Illustrious Bard ! while Genius o'er thy tomb
To mourn her offspring, drops the pensive tear,
While troubled Britain weeps thy early doom,
And Grecia's Isles in sable weeds appear :

While happier poets with proud rival art,
Explore all language, to express thy praise,
Yet deign t' accept a tribute from the heart,
An humble mourner's unaffected lays !

Long shall thy memory respected live,
Plac'd in the records of immortal fame ;
To thee shall truth, the meed of science give,
And thousands yet unborn, shall love thy name !

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ADDRESS TO THE
Saint Patrick's Society,

THE pride of Athens, Dian's stately dome,
 The wealth of Tyre, and strength of ancient Rome;
 The glory of the Carthaginian bands,
 And he whose arms subjected foreign lands;
 Are now no more—they only live in name,
 And scarce their ruins speak their former fame;
 Ordain'd to sink, the Sovereign of the skies,
 Views with contempt the folly of the wise.
 Touch'd with his Country's love, the Bard would sing
 Old Erin's praise, the pride of Britain's king,
 Attend kind muse, with thy loquacious art,
 And speak the feelings of the poet's heart.
 The rustic swain, unrivall'd at the spade,
 The man of letters, and the blooming maid,
 The sage, for truth and wisdom far renown'd,
 And he whose arms the British conquests crown'd,
 Are thine Hibernia, on the list of fame,
 Admir'd, belov'd, and honor'd is their name.
 But chief, religion, heav'n's horn seraph mild,

Whose sov'reign balm the saints distress beguil'd,
 Shines in thy centre, spreads thro' every part,
 And sways the gentle, and the rustic heart.
 Nor shall the Bard forget his debt to own,
 To those whose bounty to the poor is shewn,
 Whose well directed skill, and wealth combine,
 To bless the needy, with the word divine ;
 The pious deed—the labor of their love,
 Is blest on earth, and on record above.

Where lofty trees with clust'ring berries bend,
 Where pond'rous cliffs their friendly shades extend,
 Where streams unwearied from their sources flow,
 Purl down the hills, and bless the land below,
 Oft have I sat, delighted to behold,
 Scenes, which description's self, can ne'er unfold.
 Or, as along the verdant fields I stray'd,
 And view'd each flow'r that scents the lonely shade,
 The ruin'd castle's "Ivy mantled" wall,
 Bending with age, unwilling yet to fall ;
 The lofty fort, with blooming herbage crown'd,
 Fam'd in old story, and for ghosts renown'd ;
 Charm'd with the landscape, fancy soar'd on high,

And sought its sovereign author in the sky.

Hail happy scenes, to my remembrance dear,
Reflection ne'er shall cease, to bring you near,
'Twas nature's stage, full well she play'd her part,
Shone on my eyes, and warm'd my youthful heart.
From scenes of pleasure, to return no more,
The Bard reluctant left his native shore ;
But pleas'd, at length he reach'd Columbia's pride,
Where British laws, in British hearts preside :
And where old Patrick's venerable age,
Receives the homage due his country's sage.
Friends of your country, met to wish it joy,
Accept the praises of a cottage boy,
Whose warmest wishes ever shall aspire,
To him of every patriot wish the sire ;
That peace may never from our Isle depart,
That truth may reign in every Irish heart,
That our old shamrock may unrivall'd shine,
And with the thistle and the rose entwine—
For you, may wisdom still her aid extend,
Guide you in life, and guard you at the end !

A Monody on the Death of
Sir Robert Trench.*

WHERE yonder cliff beskirts the winding shore,
My feet had stray'd with pensive steps and slow ;
To hear the rising billows madly roar,
And echo answering from her vaults below.

There, while attention mark'd the passing hour,
The plaintive notes of sorrow reach'd my ear ;
Such as are heard from some lone distant tow'r,
Where solitude inspires the rustic's fear.

An aged vet'ran from the fields of war,
To vent his grief, had there retir'd alone,
His frame was mark'd with many a lengthen'd scar,
And courage in his eye, thro' sorrow shone.

* These verses were written shortly after the death of the distinguished individual whose worth they are meant to record. To those who have not had the pleasure of an acquaintance with the deceased, they may probably seem too full of panegyric, but I can assure the reader, that as I had no object in view but the faithful display of truth the representation is a well meant, though perhaps imperfect likeness of the original.

"Why thus so far remote from man," I said,
 "Where social converse cheers the pensive hour ;
 "Indulging grief, by thoughts successive led,
 "Or courting to your heart th' unfriendly pow'r ?"

A rising sigh his manly soul suppress,
 Silent he stood, in all the depth of woe :
 One rolling tear alone his grief express,
 'Till thus he spoke, with solemn voice and slow.

"Wrapt in the darkest shade of silent woe,
 "The deep recess, where streams the mourner's tear,
 "My heart has felt, and own'd the cruel blow,
 "That pierc'd the heart, than life itself more dear.

"Nor thou despise the feelings of my mind,
 "Inspir'd by recent loss, they now deplore ;—
 "The noble TRENCH, in virtues school refin'd,
 "And first of men—but now alas, no more !

"Where southern hosts of proud imperious foes,
 "In vain essay'd to make Britannia yield,
 "Oft has he stood their fury to oppose,
 "And swell'd the torrent of the crimson field.

“Not Gallia’s pow’rs combin’d, with all their art,
 “Could move his breast with one unmanly fear;
 “Yet pity’s softer scenes could touch his heart,
 “And from its orb, beguile the ready tear.

“Yes honor’d chief, from thy green native plain,
 “To where thy duty led thy arms afar,
 “’Twas thine, with equal firmness to maintain,
 “Concord in peace—humanity in war!

“But now retir’d from fields of hostile gore,
 “Where Britain’s heroes’ ashes mingling blend,
 “Thy peaceful relics grace that native shore,
 “Which once thy valour could so well defend.

“Long as my heart the vital spark retains,
 “Long as my hands perform their wonted part,
 “While blood runs warm and quick within my veins,
 “Thy mem’ry never will forsake my heart.”

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The Poet's Slumber.

WHEN happiness at first came down,
 To light the world with friendly ray,
 To guard mankind from fortune's frown,
 Throughout his long protracted day.
 One cheering beam of hope she lent,
 That seem'd to promise more in number,
 But ah ! its vigour soon was spent,
 Like dreams, that mock the poet's slumber.

Kind Heaven beheld the dying beam
 Float in loose fragments on the wind,
 Then bid the faintly quiv'ring flame
 Glow with a *substance* more refin'd.
 One solid form was fram'd above,
 And stamp'd with loud responding thunder,
 That bliss no more might empty prove,
 Or transient, like the poet's slumber.

But giddy mortals vainly try,
 In joys profane to find the treasure ;
 In vain to folly's temple fly,
 And court the fleeting shade of pleasure :

Stern death that hastes relentless on,
 Rends all their hopes and joys asunder,—
 The visionary scene is gone,
 Regretted, like the Poet's Slumber.



An Elegy.

GOLD from its airy source the mountain breeze,
 Moans thro' the woods its hollow notes of woe ;
 Bends the long branches of the leafless trees,
 And hastens murmuring to the lake below.

Close is the shade, and lonely is the spot,
 Dark is the hour, and dismal all the scene ;
 One solitary minstrel, half forgot,
 Remains to sing the requiem of the green.

Is this the first sad solitary day,
 That rose to view my youthful prospects fled ?
 And lent its soft invigorating ray,
 To shew a guardian, and a FATHER dead.

Oh ! yes, the restless pang that fills my breast,
 Nor leaves one fibre of my heart behind ;

Too plainly tells, that sorrow unredrest,
Claims as her own, each motion of my mind.

Cold, cold, he lies in death's ungracious arms,
Who taught my heart to fan the muses flame;
And relish every ardent wish that warms,
The youthful fancy with the love of fame!

Full low he lies, who tun'd my infant voice,
The simple numbers of the heart to sing;
And bade that heart, approve the wiser choice,
The matchless praise of Heav'n's eternal King!

Nor I alone am left his loss to weep,—
For many a bosom on his native plains;
Fresh in its inmost core, his worth shall keep,
And sound his dirge, with melancholy strains.

There, while affection mourns the mortal blow,
And friendship weeps responsive to her moan;
Untaught, the tear of poverty shall flow,
For him, who ever made its cause his own.

E'en now perhaps in some sequester'd vale,
Where blooms the violet in its modest shade;

Some hoary minstrel tells the plaintive tale,
How worth and genius, only bloom to fade !

But, in a happier clime where virtue thrives,
Fresh in the glow of an eternal bloom ;
Who peaceful sinks in death, again revives,
To soar with triumph, o'er his mortal doom.

There oh ! thou guardian of my helpless days,
A FATHER'S smile, shall crown thy constant love ;
And songs of triumph swell the kindling lays,
That echo through the boundless fields above.

Yet oft as stoops thy spirit from the skies,
To view our sphere, below the solar beam ;
Tears, "such as Angels weep," are in thy eyes,
For pity, ever was thy darling theme !



An Epitaph.

HERE lies a stranger in his lonely tomb,
Far from his kindred clay and native home,
To sleep securely till the welcome day,
That calls his spirit to resume its clay,
Then shall both soul and body, join in rest,
Where pain no more, can hurt the peaceful breast.

Life is a Dream.

OH! yes I remember when blithe on the plain,
 As fancy directed, I warbled my song,
 When my heart was a stranger to sorrow and pain,
 And I sported with innocence all the day long;
 But oft as I think of the days that have fled me,
 When the rosy ting'd light of the summer sky led me,
 Where the pure vestal flow'rs of the mountain be-
 spread me,

Some pow'r seems to whisper, that life is a dream.

And oft as along the lone forest I wander,
 Where nature is cloth'd in her mantle of trees;
 Where birds tune their sonnets, or streamlets meander
 A lonely response to the soft sighing breeze;
 The fears that depress, and the views that elate me,
 The scenes that are over, and those that await me,
 All, all, would conspire of cool reason to cheat me,
 And silently tell me that life is a dream.

But no :—fond remembrance forever awakens,
 Sweet thoughts of the clear crystal lake in my mind;

102 THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL.

Tho' now for a far distant region forsaken,
It recalls the fair scenes I left smiling behind :
And when the warm vision of pleasure invites me,
Or music's sweet touch, with enchantment delights me,
The "Minstrel's farewell,"* on smooth MELVIN af-
frights me,
And tells my quick heart, that 'tis more than a dream.

Sweet harp of my country, how still are thy slumbers,
Thy glory is past, and thy melody fled ;
Oh ! let me awaken thy soul-breathing numbers,
To sing the last accents the Patriot said :
Then haply, some strain as thy wild chords are sighing,
The last sad request of the soldier when dying,
Shall teach my lone heart, (on its requiem relying,)
That life and affection, are more than a dream.



The Minstrel's Farewell.

ON the plain of Clontarf, while the battle was raging,
In all the grim terrors of carnage and pain ;

*See the poem which immediately follows in this present collection.

And Erin's brave sons, with their tyrants engaging,
 For liberty struggled, nor struggled in vain;
 A bard, by the foes of his country surrounded,
 Sunk down on the gory field, weary and wounded;
 To the loud cry of conquest, his wild harp resounded,
 While fate told the victim, that Erin was free.

"Ye tyrants 'tis vain," (said the minstrel awaking
 To all the delights of his own native song,)

"Far, far, from its shed, my glad soul is escaping,

"And the warm tide of melody bears it along :

"Your rage can destroy, and your cruelty bind me,

"And bear my lone dust where no brother shall find me,

"Yet still in the core of their hearts they shall mind me,

"When Erin, my own native Erin, is free.

"Too long has my country in silent reflection,

"Hung sad o'er her sorrows, or fought with her chain ;

"But now, as if led by a mutual affection,

"The hands of her warriors have freed her again :

"Oh ! then be the dawn of her liberty glorious,

"Her patriots true, and her children victorious,

"And so shall her sweet harp, unrivall'd harmonious.

"Breath forth the sweet notes of the soul that is free.

104 THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL.

" E'en now tho' distress'd, in the dark valley bleeding,
" And never to view my brave part'ners again,
" While death's chilly tremour to pain is succeeding,
" Unalter'd the love of my heart shall remain :
" And quick as the flame of my soul is returning,
" Where slaves are at rest, and oppressors are mourn-
ing,
" Still bright, and more bright, the pure vision is
burning,
" Since justice has conquer'd, and Erin is free.
" Oh ! hail thou blest day ! how serene was thy dawn-
ing ?
" How fair was the star that preceded thy light ?
" No more shall my countrymen helpless and fawning,
" Fall down to a stranger, *and beg for their right* :
" But while the clear mirror of vict'ry shall cheer
them,
" The foe of their Island shall tremble and fear them,
" Nor slavery's fetters shall dare to come near them,
" For such is the bliss of the land that is free.
" Sweet soul of my Island ! while life is retreating,
" Oh ! let me awaken thy liveliest thrill ;

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" Tho' quick to their ebb, my last pulses are beating,

" Thy music is cheering, is exquisite still !

" And oh ! when the life of thy minstrel is ended,

" For thy country alone, be thy soothing notes blended,

" Nor breath one sweet lay, by a stranger attended,

" Till valour and concord shall bid thee be free.

" Thus, high o'er the field of her birth, the young
 linnet,

" In wild breathing extacy warbles her song;—

" While zephy'r in love with the exquisite sonnet,

" Bears far on his wings the soft music along;

" But if by the grasp of a mortal surrounded,

" The lovely young warbler looks mute and confounded,

" And the loud airy songs that in echo resounded,

" Are hush'd, 'till the wings of the minstrel are free."

He ceas'd, and each wild chord propitious consented,

And sounded melodious its holiest strain ;

Nor long o'er the slow weeping lute he lamented,

'Till silent it fell on the moss-cover'd plain :

But the touch of the winds, and the shade that was

flying.

Play'd o'er the loose strings, a lament for the dying,
 While mountains and rocks, to the music replying,
 Re-echo'd in murmurs that Erin was free!



An Elegy,

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

THE plaintive bell sounds mournful on the ear,
 And silence rules the melancholy hour;
 Lamenting friendship, sheds the pensive tear,
 And mem'ry weeps her sympathetic pow'r.

Oh! blest forever be the fond return,
 The tribute sensibility bestows;
 When o'er the virtuous ashes of the urn,
 She pours the weighty burthen of her woes!

In vain affection's thrill the bosom warms,
 In vain she paints the lovely HARRIOT'S bloom;
 She clasps the sinking victim in her arms,
 But quickly drops it—in an early tomb.

Thus some fair flow'r, whose tender leaves expand,
 To catch the morning dew, or summer's light;
 By some untimely blast, is rudely fann'd,
 And with'ring sinks upon the breast of night.

In life's gay morn, when youth and beauty rare,
 Grac'd her fair form, in virtue's school refin'd;
 'Twas ever hers, t' indulge with constant care,
 The more attractive graces of the mind.

As life advanc'd, increasing virtue still,
 With stronger force maintain'd its sov'reign pow'r;
 Impell'd each thought that sway'd her yielding will,
 And charm'd the glad, and cheer'd the pensive hour.

But He, whose wisdom rules the world below,
 To sudden death, His much-lov'd charge consign'd;
 Resign'd, she felt the sharp resistless blow,
 And left each care and pain of life behind.

The tender infant, or the smiling boy,
 In vain would deprecate the stern decree;
 Nor fleeting earth could yield a spark of joy,
 To cheer the soul, that hasten'd to be free.

Yet hope, whose beams can pierce the darkest shade,
 Points to her blissful mansion in the skies,
 Where pain and sorrow shall no more invade,
 And Angel hands, confer the lasting prize !



An Epitaph.

HERE rest the peaceful ashes of the dead,
 Awhile the victim of the lonely tomb ;
 Ashes, whose angel flame, triumphant fled,
 To realms, of life, and never fading bloom.

Tho' pain and sorrow with resistless pow'r,
 Clung to her heart, and "mark'd her as their own."
 Tho' darkest shades o'er cast her morning hour,
 And hid the rose of beauty, scarcely blown :

Yet, like the silent moon whose silver beam,
 Grows dark, o'ertaken by the sunny ray ;
 She gave one last, and faintly quiv'ring gleam,
 Then, lost her splendour in the source of day !

Mary's Charms.

WHERE Mispheck's stream slow murmur-
ing flows,

Meand'ring in the silent shade,

A Youth I heard bewail his woes,

And mourn in anguish for a Maid :

Far distant from the bustling throng,

With head reclin'd, and folded arms ;

He rang'd the limpid stream along,

While thus he sung, of Mary's charms :

“ When fancy on the wings of love

“ Upborne, explores Columbia o'er,

“ Around she soars, beneath, above,

“ And scans the Fair, from shore to shore :

“ One form alone can stop her flight,

“ That *form* my yeilding bosom warms ;

“ And ravish'd at the dazzling sight,

“ I own the force of Mary's charms.

“ What heart of man tho' e'er so cold,

“ Can bear the blaze of Mary's eye ?

- " Esteem'd beyond the worth of gold,
 " Before her, weeping lovers lie :
 " While I unheeded still sustain,
 " Resistless love's most rude alarms ;
 " The greatest smart, the keenest pain,
 " And all, for cruel Mary's charms.
- " Oh ! could I with Miltonian pow'r,
 " Still dictate the unerring line ;
 " For her I'd spend each pleasing hour,
 " Might that conduce to make her mine :
 " In hopes, with sweet persuasive strain,
 " To win her to my eager arms ;—
 " To cure the smart, to ease the pain,
 " The sad effects of Mary's charms.
- " But ah ! the feeble effort fails,
 " Nor can I ever speak my mind :
 " Unheeded I must still bewail
 " The faithless heart of woman-kind :
 " Yet ere I cease my griefs to tell,
 " One wish my yeilding bosom warms :"
 Then, softly breathing, " Love farewell,"
 He bid adieu to Mary's charms.

The wind sigh'd hollow in the trees,
 Responsive to the mournful song;
 And many a sprite was in the breeze,
 As slow it mov'd the waves along:
 The maniac on the margin stood,
 His mind revolving sudden harms;—
 He plung'd beneath the gloomy flood,
 No more to gaze on Mary's charms!



To a Friend,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND.

ALL hail! ye dark advancing shades,
 That veil the world in silent night;
 Blest is your gloom, when grief pervades,
 The heart and eyes, that shun the light:
 For ah! from every object bright,
 Lonely and sad, I turn away;
 While scenes that once could yield delight,
 In vain their transient joys display:
 Ah! why does friendship with her charms,
 Beguile the soul with hope of rest?

Invite us to her eager arms,
 When fate can snatch us from her breast ;
 Or why does hope with ardent zest,
 The shade of friendship still pursue ?
 And seek in every cordial guest,
 A dream so fleeting, to renew.
 Oft as I've felt the painful smart,
 That kindred hearts are doom'd to know ;
 When fate relentless bids them part,
 A long long absence to forgo :
 Thoughtful I've mourn'd in accents slow,
 That nature sheds so pure a flame ;
 To light the soul, thro' pain and woe,
 Delighted with an *empty* name.
 But ah ! forgive the hasty strain—
 Full many a day I've found in *you*,
 That friendship is a treasur'd gain,
 A pleasure and a profit too :
 To these, awhile we bid adieu,
 Stern duty calls thee far away—
 Thy flame, affection, we renew,
 And wait with hope, another day.

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Farewell, and when in Britain's Isle,
 Or cradled on the stormy wave;
 Far from a parent's aid and smile,
 The smile which fond affection gave:
 Oh! then in city or in cave,
 In all life's mazes bear along,
 Thro' joy, thro' sorrow—to the grave,
 The mem'ry of the child of song!



To Sensibility.

PLEASEING, painful, tender, thing,
 Ever, ever, on the wing;
 Sent to cheer us from above,
 Friend of pity, soul of love,—
 Pause awhile, and let me trace,
 The well-form'd beauties of thy face.

Now, I see the lily's pale,
 O'er thy wand'ring looks prevail—
 Now, the roses scarlet dye,
 O'er thy checks, like streamers fly;—

All at once, the tints retire,
Eyes of dew, and lips of fire!

Ardent now, I see thee stop,
On the mountains rushy top;
Where the timid moor-fowl lies,
And the cloud's blue-shadow flies;
See thee, from the rising ground,
View the lonely vales around.

Touch'd to view the scenes of woe,
Now thy ready torrents flow;
And thy mildly shining eye,
Beams the splendour of the sky;
When the warm refreshing rain,
Wets the bosom of the plain.

But thy gentle moving art,
Softly stealing on the heart,
With an unresisting sway,
Thro' the bosom wins its way;
Chases every ruder theme,
Like the lovers evening dream.

Warm to every thrill of joy,
Nought thy pleasures can destroy ;
While thy grief, at every vein,
Strikes with more exalted pain ;
And the milder tides of woe,
Soothe the heart they overflow.

E'en the hero owns thy pow'r,
In the battle's dreadful hour ;
While he checks the rising pain,
For a friend or brother slain ;
And resists thee, fighting on,
'Till the work of death is done.

When the wide resounding blast,
Of the battle's roar is past,
Then upon the field of fame,
E'en a foe his grief can claim ;
And with soft imposing tears,
Melt the breast that never fears.

But o'er all thy wand'rings blest,
When in woman's lovely breast,
(Best recipient of thy grace,)

Thou hast made thy resting place :
Woman ! tender, soft and kind,
Fram'd already to thy mind.

Oh ! in that propitious shade,
Be thy graces all display'd ;
'Tis the purest spot of earth ;
Like the region of thy birth ;—
Form'd for thee, it ever vies,
With the tenants of the skies.

There indulge thy seraph flame,
Weep the fallen virgin's shame ;
Mourn th' unconscious orphan's fate,
And the lonely widow's state ;
Nor resist thy ardent glow,
For love that breathes the sigh of woe !

Haply as thy feeling theme,
Steals upon my Julia's dream,
Some impressions she may take,
That shall haunt her when awake ;
And the tear of pity start,
For her Edwin's bleeding heart !

Lines written at Sea.

WHEN rustling winds and angry seas,
In anger stern their force unite :
And every soft refreshing breeze,
Flies from the horrors of the night :
Yet when the tempest's angry pow'r,
And whelming waves in rage agree ;
I smile, and in the gloomy hour,
Eliza, still remember thee.

Hush'd is my lovely charmer's bed,
Unheard by her the tempest's roar ;
Perhaps, some theme by fancy spread,
Bids her, her native heav'n explore :
Oh ! happy, happy, should I prove,
Unfelt the tempest's rage should be ;
Could I but fondly think my love,
Thy dream should yield a thought of me

To Chloe.

OH! dry that tear, too pure it falls for earth,
 'Tis worthy of the heav'n that gave it birth;
 The heav'n of purest sensibility,
 To earth a stranger, but possess'd by thee.
 Ah! what avails it ceaseless to repine?
 Beauty, and youth, and merit, still are thine:
 And envy's squinting eye, tho' loth, must see,
 That every grace, delights to dwell with thee.
 The proud who slight, the haughty who dis-
 dain,
 And try to equal thee, (yet try in vain,)
 To be alike belov'd, would gladly part,
 Some secret treasure dearer than their heart:
 And half their pride, and half their wealth,
 would pay,
 To rival Chloe, for a single day:
 Then stop that tear, too pure it falls for earth,
 'Tis worthy of the heav'n that gave it birth.

An Ode to Conceit.

THOU hot disorder, cherish'd in the brain,
 Great is thy pow'r, tho' trifling is thy name ;
 Large thy dominion is, than France more wide,
 For Britain's Isle, is thine from side to side :
 Yes, and Hibernia too, what glory's thine,
 While peers and peasants, offer at thy shrine.
 But chief, what raises thee above the rest,
 Of all thy kindred, in the human breast,
 Is that prodigious magnifying glass,
 Through which thy eye, can pierce the hardest mass,
 And there behold, (strange sight) what is not there,
 A man of water, or a hill of air.
 Make ghosts of shadows, at a single look,
 And to a torrent swell the smallest brook :
 Can turn a mole-hill, to the largest mount,
 And trace a non-existence from its fount.—
 Mighty *disease*, how cruel are thy capers,
 When bent to plague the ladies in the vapors ;—
 'Tis also said, the nerves are all thy own,
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And thou at pleasure, canst command a groan ;
 A thousand moans, from thee receive their birth,
 And twice ten thousand loudest cheers of mirth ;
 For thou, loquacious imp, alike canst bring,
 The fool to blubber, and the wit to sing.
 How pleas'd I've listen'd, to thy thund'ring strain,
 Flow in swift numbers, from a coxcomb's brain ;
 And heard, the loud, the vain, the ranting song,
 That held in mute suspence, the gaping throng-
 Permit e'en me, with gratitude to show,
 The mighty tribute, which to thee I owe ;
 Tho' now confess'd, to be a charming Poet,
 Conceit it was, that mov'd me, first to know it.



A Dream.

AH! cruel light, how piercing is thy ray ?
 My joy forsakes me,—stay deluding dream,—
 Why are my lov'd ideas lost in day ?—
 Return sweet vision, and renew thy theme.

Methought, upon a flow'ry bank I stray'd,
 Where mildest zephyrs breath'd a rich perfume;
 So soft the light, so delicate the shade,
 That ev'ry flow'r display'd a double bloom.

There, as I wander'd on the scented grass,
 Musing in meditation deep, I spied,
 My Mary's shadow, on the willows pass,
 Whose bending branches spread their foliage wide.

Quick thro' the rustling shrubs I found my way,
 A moment brought me to my Mary's side ;
 " Such scenes" I cried, " a thousand fears repay,
 " Will you consent at length, and be my bride ?"

" Let hope" she cried, " cheering so'ace lend,
 " Some future day, smile o'er our mutual bliss ;
 " Together, to the will of heav'n, we'll bend"—
 We seal'd our fond emotions, with a kiss.

When night again comes gloomy from the west,
 Say, lovely vision, wilt thou then return ?
 For thee, my eyes shall court an early rest,
 And long exclude, the pleasing light of morn !

The Taper of the Wood.

A TALE.*

"Fictis meminerit nos jocari fabulis."

IT WAS in the cheerful month of June,
 When nature smiles in fullest bloom,
 When sporting school-boys hard at play,
 Enjoy the sunshine of the day ;
 A Bard, with village orders sent,
 Alone to bear his message went,
 Whether to country shop, or mill,
 The muse has not vouchsaf'd to tell.
 It was the hour when shades are seen,
 Extend their length along the green ;
 The distant wood with music rung,
 The milk maid at her labor sung,
 To aid her toil, the careful swain,

* It was not until long after this poem was written, that I perceived some of the circumstances bore a distant resemblance to Burns' inimitable vision.

Convey'd her milk along the plain,
Whisp'ring, what oft he'd told before,
His heart a heavier burden bore :
And still attempting to unfold,
What nature baffled ere 'twas told.
Upon a grassy hillock, made
Beneath a birch's spreading shade,
An aged pair, reclining told,
Full many a tale of days of old ;
When truth prevail'd, and crimes were small,
And simple manners grac'd the hall,
Where now, disguise and art preside,
And pamper'd sloth, and selfish pride.
Returning homeward from his toil,
The ploughman trod the new turn'd soil,
And briskly whistling on his way,
Left care to meet another day,
And all the scene was blithe and gay.— }
All but the Bard :—oppress'd with pain,
From which he sought relief in vain,
Remembrance sad, with wonted ease,
Recall'd the shades of happier days ;

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When on the high uncultur'd hill,
Or at the clear refreshing rill,
Or in the thicket's close-woven shade,
Stranger to pain and grief he stray'd :
When youth's gay hour, its pleasures lent,
Too oft in folly's cause mis-spent—
And as he view'd the prospect o'er,
A thousand pangs his bosom tore ;
" Oh ! hours of bliss forever past,
" Oh ! joys too pleasing long to last,
" Ye sweets of life's fair morn," he said,
" Scarce tasted, when forever fled,
" Oft do I mourn, in darkest shade,
" The vacancy your flight has made ;
" And lonely in the silent dell,
" To echo, sad my sorrows tell."
Thus thought indulg'd, begetting thought,
The hour and message, he forgot.

Now, had bright Phœbus from the throne of day,
Beam'd on the western hills, a parting ray ;
Hush'd was each sound, save where the restless breeze
Wav'd the extended branches of the trees,

Night from the east, resum'd her stilly reign,
And shades on shades, hung heavy on the plain :
Thus in the dungeons of some ancient tow'r,
The gloomy cell, where midnight loves to low'r,
Tho' real each object, so obscur'd the scene,
Nor clay form'd floor, nor vaulted roof is seen :
So grand in darkness, quick advanc'd the night,
And not a star, display'd its friendly light.

Thro' a thick grove, in which his passage lay,
A narrow winding footpath, mark'd the way,
There while he walk'd, revolving in his mind,
The pleasing prospects he had left behind,
The gath'ring clouds, assum'd a darker shade,
And thro' the wood's remotest wilds he stray'd.
In vain he call'd, each circumstance conspir'd
T' increase his pain, for now to rest retir'd,
The distant villagers, securely lay,
Tir'd with the strong exertions of the day,
Nor wish, nor call, could rouse them from the bed,
Where soundest sleep, its gentle blessings shed.
With sympathetic pow'r, echo alone
Heard the loud shouts, and answer'd "moan for moan."
And now the clouds condens'd with heavy rain,

Discharg'd their liquid burthen on the plain ;
 T' escape the storm, he wander'd all around,
 Nor friendly shade, nor sheltering crevice found ;
 At length, upon a rock's declining side
 He stopp'd, the torrent's fury to abide :
 There, to resist the tempest's angry pow'r,
 Nature had form'd, a rude and artless bow'r ;
 Upon a mossy stone, he laid his head,
 And thus repining, in his soul he said :

“ Why was my heart, by nature form'd to know,
 “ The height of pleasure or the depth of woe,
 “ Or at the soften'd tale of pity glow ?
 “ Each circumstance in life, too well displays,
 “ The blasted hopes, of sweet departed days,
 “ Thus, were my joys and youthful prospects bright,
 “ Untimely shrouded in a veil of night ;
 “ That like this dark and thick surrounding gloom,
 “ With crowded horrors, minds me of my doom.
 “ Why to the silent woods so oft retire ?
 “ Why glows my bosom with the muses fire ?
 “ Or why the ardent wish, and restless aim,
 “ That charm their victim, with a golden dream ?

"Too long deluded with a vain pursuit,
 "I've heard the breathings of the Æolian late,
 "And fondly thought, the softly soothing strain,
 "With wond'rous pow'r, could blunt the edge of pain;
 "But now, experience to the op'ning mind,
 "By thought mature, and nature's lore refin'd,
 "Has taught this truth, which folly fears to own,
The poet's labour, in contempt is grown :—
 "'Tis madly vain," thus sordid millions cry,
 "'To fan the fire, that's kindled in the sky ;
 "'To happier scenes, in busy life retire,
 "These please the heart, and bring a useful hire,
 "Nor ever madly, lean to folly's side,
 "When int'rest, and desire, the heart divide ;
 "Or, do you long for an illustrious name,
 "Die, and we'll place you on the list of fame."

He started at the thought, and turning round,
 He heard the echo of a distant sound ;
 Hope sprung, but yielded soon to timid fear,
 For well he knew, no mortal haunt was near.

As when the huntsman's horn resounds,
 Along the mountain's craggy grounds ;
 Or when the mantic's cheerful songs,

Swells in the valley, clear and strong ;
 So rung the noise,—he paus'd to hear,
 And softer music struck his ear,
 Such as the Macedonian chief,
 Alternate fill'd with joy and grief ;
 Or such as Pluto's bosom warm'd,
 When by a mortal minstrel charm'd,
 He yielded up the lovely prize,
 Nor once the bold request denies.
 Attentive fix'd, he gaz'd to see,
 Whence came the wond'rous harmony ;
 And thro' the thick'ning gloom of night,
 Beheld a distant glimm'ring light,
 That quickly mov'd along the ground,
 And cast a circling beam around,
 'Till at a distance fix'd it stood,
 The glowing Taper of the Wood !

With resolution now inspir'd,
 And with the love of music fir'd,
 He left the cold inclement cove,
 To view the mateer of the grove ;
 And cautiously approaching to, b.
 A prod'ious building struck his eye ;

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Such as upon th' adjacent green,
Or in the wood was never seen !
With timid rap he touch'd the door,
Which mortal ne'er had touch'd before,
The starting look, the flutt'ring breast,
Alike his awe and fear confess;
But when the door, on either side,
With self-taught swing extended wide,
To paint the scene, e'en fancy fails,
And warm description nought avails—
Brightly beam'd the spacious hall,
Splendid lamps adorn'd the wall ;
Along th' extended aisle were seen,
Flowers and shrubs of ever green,
Whose smells and tints full well display'd
The tenants of a happier shade ;
Remote from man, in foreign lands,
And nourish'd by the muses hands.
There too, in beauteous sculpture drest,
A Mercury display'd his crest,
On him, some pow'r his skill had try'd,
But life, and only life deny'd ;

Serene, th' unconscious figure smil'd,
In charms magnificently mild.

Advancing softly, he survey'd
Each object strange, when lo! a maid,
Approaching slow, majestic said:
"Hail stranger, to our mansion hail,
"Sore harrass'd by the stormy gale,
"To thee our friendship we bestow,
"Be calm, nor dread in us a foe!"

Thus said, she kindly reach'd her hand,
A surety of the social band;
Then thro' the mansion led the way,
Softly smiling, sweetly gay.
Thro' all the dome, a lovely band,
Obedient, waited her command;
Some careful fann'd around her head,
Others, a spacious table spread,
Some trim the lamps, and mend the fire,
And now advance, and now retire:—
Tall was her figure, in her air
The graces shone divinely fair;
Of symmetry exact possess,

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And rob'd in nature's loveliest vest—
She look'd, she smil'd, at ev'ry view,
Unequall'd beauty shone anew.
Such was her form, but who can trace,
The various beauties of her face?
The eyes, that beam'd with purest fire,
The lips, that kindled chaste desire;
The cheeks, that still disclos'd to view,
The lily's white—the roses hue;
Her chin—but every feature drest,
In perfect charms, adorn'd the rest.
In silken tresses, soft and fair,
Hung her loose unbraided hair;
So sweet her notes, her voice so clear,
Great George himself, might love to hear—
"Mortal," she said, "approach and try }
The sweets Pierean fields supply, }
For of that happy land am I."

As one reliev'd from long continu'd pain,
Feels health returning, flow in every vein,
So, while beside the ample board he drew,
His heart compos'd and more familiar grew;

The passions rul'd his breast with milder sway—
 He long'd to speak, yet knew not what to say :
 At length, returning courage fill'd his breast,
 And rising, thus the Damsel he address :
 " Tell me, thou fairest of the sylvan train,
 " (For mortal charms, compar'd with thine are vain :)
 " In what delightful region far from earth,
 " A form so wood'rous fair receiv'd its birth :
 " Or whence the friendship which you deign to yield,
 " A poor sequester'd tenant of the field ;
 " Whose life is spent, in solitude alone,
 " Almost forgotten, and almost unknown?"
 Smiling she heard his wish, (it was a smile,
 Whose pow'r the source of sorrow could beguile ;)
 Each speaking charm, assum'd a clearer dye,
 And beam'd with softer grace, her winning eye ;
 Upon her breast, her lovely arm was laid,
 While thus, in memorable words, she said :
 " My name is CLIO, fam'd in classic song,
 " Where old Seamander rolls its waves along ;
 " Or where Uprates swells its wat'ry store,
 " Or the slow Ganges, laves its verdant shore ;
 " By me inspir'd, the artless Poet's name,

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“ Adorns the records of immortal fame,
“ When by his verse, that speaks *another's* praise,
“ He makes *himself*, the theme of future days.
“ To Heav'n-directed science, still a friend,
“ Fond o'er the sappling of the shade I bend,
“ Collect each scatter'd thought, from Lethe's gloom,
“ And call the buds of genius into bloom.
“ Unseen I mark'd the passion that beguil'd,
“ And fill'd thy bosom, from a little child ;
“ Before thy youthful eyes I cast a gleam,
“ And saw thee struggling to inhale the beam ;
“ Eager to catch the shining ray that fled,
“ Yet, bright seducing, sported round thy head.
“ Wide is the range of intellectual pow'r,
“ Ordain'd by Heav'n, to soothe life's passing hour ;
“ Some taught by science, 'tempt the foaming main,
“ And brave each danger, with the hope of gain ;
“ Some to mankind, their useful rules impart,
“ And gain subsistence by the rules of art :—
“ Here shines the statesman—there the village swain
“ Subdues the stubborn furrows of the plain ;
“ Each in his sphere, promotes the great design,
“ The general plan, mark'd out by skill divine,

" But you, design'd by nature's binding law,
 " From other sources happiness to draw,
 " In vain desire what providence denies,
 " The Hero's glory, or the artist's prize.
 " In vain you mix the giddy crowd among,
 " Smit with the beauties of 'persuasive song ;'
 " The world with just reproach and ridicule, [rule,
 " Condemns the wretch, who swerves from nature's
 " Deprest with woe, I saw thee fost'ring care,
 " That led its victim bord'ring on despair ;
 " For me, thy heart repin'd with secret grief,
 " Mine was the cause, 'tis mine to bring relief :
 " Be thine the sweet the pleasing task to sing,
 " On fancy's wild illimitable wing,
 " What virtue dictates, and with soaring mind,
 " Leave hated vice and folly, far behind :
 " Thus, shall the wise and great admire thy lays,
 " And future ages dwell upon thy praise."
 Here ceas'd the maid,—a graceful look she cast,
 That bade her guest, partake the sweet repast
 Of far collected fruits, it was a feast,
 Replete with all that's pleasing to the taste :
 But when she touch'd her soft harmonious lyre,

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Then swell'd the heart—then glow'd the kindling fire,
 So sweet the sound, so delicate the strain,
 The muse alone can tell, my pow'r is vain.
 Entranc'd he sat—a loud and quicker sound
 Thrill'd in the soften'd air,—he gaz'd around,
 The birds new-wak'ning, hail'd th' approaching dawn,
 And near him, lay a well remember'd lawn ;
 Upon a grassy bank, alone he stood,
 And gone, the lovely TAPER OF THE WOOD !



To Fortune.

OH ! Fortune, thou art hard indeed,
 Thou mak'st the wretch's bosom bleed,
 And smart at ev'ry pore :
 To-day, a splendid prospect shows,
 The brilliant colours of the rose,
 The next, the scene is o'er.

Oft have I felt my wand'ring heart,
 To joy's quick-bounding motion start,
 And hail its transient ray ;

But while the sporting beam I view'd,
The bliss, the pleasure, I pursu'd,
Soon vanish'd far away !

From thee, no longer shall I claim,
Contentment, competence, or gain,
The blessings of an hour ;
Better t' address my fervent pray'r,
To Him who dissipates despair,
With an Almighty pow'r.

No more to reason's dictates blind,
No more to folly's smile inclin'd,
I prize the fleeting show ;
Since passion's rude and madd'ning pain,
With disappointment in its train,
Is all thou canst bestow !



The Lover's Leap.*

WHERE shall a wounded lover fly,
Where in oblivion's covert lie,

* For a description of the place here alluded to, see Addison's Spectator, Vol. 3, Num. 233.

There to indulge the plaintive sigh,
And falling tear ;
Unheard, unseen, by mortal eye,
Or mortal ear ?

When first I view'd Matilda o'er,
With all the warmth of love, I swore
'Twas Venus from the Cyprian shore,
To gain my heart.
My head was sick, my heart was sore,
With Cupid's dart.

Display'd from her exalted crown,
Twice twenty curls of lovely brown,
With careless twist hung dangling down,
And glossy shade,
Which many a Bachelor had won,
From many a maid.

Th' attractive graces of her mind,
By Education well refin'd,
Without the aid of charms could bind,
The yielding sense ;

The siren all these charms combin'd,
At my expence ;

For tho' with charms so sweet she smil'd,
Yet, when my heart was all beguil'd,
Our former love, a "jest" she styl'd,
And then alas !
She left me pensive, wond'ring wild,
To weep my loss.

Tell me, ye learn'd, who know the way,
To realms remote beyond the sea,
Where Lucate's high promontory,
Invades the skies ;
Or would you kindly pilot me,
To where it lies.

There Sappho clos'd a life of fame,
And many a tender-hearted dame,
Quench'd in the waves below, the flame
Of ill-plac'd love ;
What wonder then, if I the same,
Redress should prove ?

Should fortune kindly hear my call,
 'Twill ease my heavy heart of all
 Its heavy wrongs—its cruel thrall,

Its pain and woes;

Or should I perish in the fall,

My grief shall close!



An Ode to Sleep.

DESCEND O Sleep, and on thy silken wing,
 A fond cessation from my sorrows bring,
 Drive far away, each passion that alarms,
 And rock me, rock me, gently in thy arms:
 Expel each twinkling beam of busy day,
 And drive my wakeful themes, far, far away.
 But bid the softer scenes of fancy rise,
 Paint fairer worlds, and more exalted skies,
 Where happier beings, free and unconfi'd,
 Range o'er the flow'ry hills, or sport along the wind.
 Smooth cradled on thy lap, each active pow'r,
 Obey's thy will, and hails thy silent hour,

Sinks into silence, at thy slow command,
And owns the skill of thy persuasive hand :
Content the vital spirit to retain,
And swell the triumphs of thy slumb'ring reign.
Oh ! bid the warm enraptur'd vision spread,
Its sweet enchantments round my heart, my head ;
Blest be my dreams, and may they fondly rove
On some remember'd object that I love !
'Till the bright morning's fairest light shall rise,
And spread its cheerful beams before my eyes.
Lead me to some sequester'd shaded spot,
Hann't of my childhood, now almost forgot—
Where calm and silent, by the whisp'ring stream,
Life like an hour, that hour shall seem a dream ;
And soft and easy bid the moments pass,
Like the pure stream that bubbles in the grass :
There, as each passion, weak and weaker still,
Unites its current with the flowing rill,
Each limb and nerve, in sweet repose shall rest,
And the soft bands, lie light upon my breast.
Thy cordial, sleep, dispels our evening cares,
And for its morning task, the mind prepares ;

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Revives the mem'ry, clears the costive brain,
 The spring of health, the antidote of pain ;
 But yet thy pow'r, no comfort can impart,
 Where vice enslaves, and guilt corrodes the heart,
 There thy lov'd shades, no shelt'ring scenes adorn,
 Thy pillow restless, and thy bed a thorn :
 And like the birds of night, thy dreams display,
 The gloomy forms that shun the face of day.
 Oh ! may my days glide on with welcome pace,
 And my glad nights, be spent in thy embrace ;
 'Till thus descending to the drowsy tomb ;
 My dreams of bliss, shall cheer th' impending gloom.
 Come welcome sleep, in all thy spreading charms,
 And rock me, rock me, gently in thy arms !



To the Evening Star.

THOU lovely star of the western sky,
 First in the train of even,
 I view thy silent beam on high,
 The watch tow'r light of Heav'n !

Far, far, I mark thy glimm'ring ray,
In the wide expanse descending;
And no kind light, to cheer thy way,
Its kindred fire is blending.

And pale as gleams thy open face,
In the Moon's pale light declining;
The world, thro' far extended space,
Admires how fair thy shining.

Now on the smooth and glassy deep,
That rests without noise or motion;
Now on the woodland flow'rs that weep,
The Sun o'er the distant ocean.

Now o'er the rising mountain's top,
Where grows the heath, long and hoary,
O let my sonnet, court thee to stop,
To shine 'mid the worlds of glory!

A thousand fires thro' darkness creep,
In the dark blue vault is their mansion;
Their beams are mingling in the deep,
And cheering the wide expansion.

Shine on, sweet beam of the twilight shine,
The dew drop is on the willow :
For sweet is the hour 'till thou decline,
To lave thy breast in the billow.

Here on the lonely fading green,
Where murmurs the cooling fountain,
The Shepherd with his flocks is seen,
That pass'd the day on the mountain :

And here, where the busy circle trod,
As day in its pride was glowing ;
No noise disturbs the peaceful sod,
But the harmless cattle lowing.

Thou modest orb of the night, farewell ;
On thy beam yon Star is encroaching,
Admiring nature owns thy spell,
And slumbers at thy approaching !

Rural Life.

WHILE others sing the actions of the brave,
 The splendid City, or the rolling wave,
 On fancy's pinions, and by fame renown'd,
 Dauntless explore creation's ample round ;
 Be mine, the sweet, the humble theme to trace,
 The lovely charms that glow on nature's face ;
 Raise the sweet song, whose heartfelt numbers glow,
 And melt the peaceful bosom as they flow.

Oh ! nature, far remov'd from life's alarms,
 Slow beats the heart, that can resist thy charms ;
 Nor court thy peaceful shade, where soft and still,
 In mazy wand'rings, flows the gurgling rill ;
 Or, where the floating cloud's dark shadow flies,
 And darkens half the splendour of the skies.
 Hail artless nature, sweet majestic maid,
 With thee, how sweet to range the woodland shade,
 Where the green branches with their foliage bend,
 And scent the calm, the cooling shade they lend !

See ! where the village rustic bends his way,
 His bright axe gleaming to the light of day,

He stops, and views an elm, the forest's pride,
Then swings the madd'ning steel on either side;
Responsive to the strokes, the woods resound,
And the tall tree, comes tumbling to the ground !

Now on the boughs the op'ning buds appear,
And tell the coming blossom of the year ;
'Scap'd from the winter's cold, the active bees,
Soar glad in air, slow humming to the breeze.
The youthful lambs upon their pasture gay,
Skip near their dam's, and innocently play :—
Borne on the soft refreshing gale of spring,
The linnets warble, and the thrushes sing,
The sturdy ploughman, hears the artless noise,
And whistles loud, responsive to their joys.
But chief, the soft and mildly blushing ray,
That ushers in the cheerful month of May
Demands the song, the muse attempts the theme,
And waves her pinion on the rising beam !
See, where the pearly dew-drops brightly glow,
To feed the flow'rs that in the valley grow ;
Like polish'd diamonds, in the herbage blaze,
Bright as the Sun that gilds them with his rays.
To deck the stately maypole on the field,

The meadow's bland, their scented burden yield,
And the fair damsel round its branches ties,
The clust'ring flow'rs, and many a bunch supplies,
'Till all bespangl'd with the flow'rets fair,
It bends, the beauteous wonder of the air !
Or if thro' summer's groves, and summer's bow'rs,
Made green, by vernal soft descending show'rs ;
Sweet fancy roves, how fair the scenes she views,
While every change the blooming sight renews :
White, yellow, red, and all the various tints,
That nature on her grassy carpet prints ;
In rich luxuriance, meet the gazer's eye,
Send up their odours and in beauty vie.
Down the still lake, where pebbles strew the way,
The bulrush nods, the reedy blossoms play,
The spotted fishes, leap in scaly pride,
And move the crystal waves from side to side.
 Along the river's side, the mower blithe,
Bathes in the fragrant grass, his shining scythe,
The bending herbage to his weapon yields.
And nature's harvest lies upon the fields.
From many a hand the swaths are toss'd around,
And once again, it covers all the ground ;

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Quick thro' the green, the fanning zephyr flies,
And rais'd in heaps the "lovely ruin" lies !

Thus, spent the day, beneath some hawthorn's shade,
The forward youth, and half reluctant maid,
In ev'n's still hour, the dusky moments pass,
And talk of love and labor, on the grass.
Some rival, jealous of his comrade's lot,
With panting bosom, lurks behind the spot ;
Seems as by chance, the lonely pair to spy,
And careless whistles, as he passes by.

Next, o'er the land, is spread the rip'ning corn,
That bends in ridges to the gale of morn ;
Brisk to their task, advance the reaper bands,
The temper'd sickles arm their better hands—
Full many a comic tale, their talk engage,
How Lucy weeps her youth, and Anne, her age—
Each couple's match'd, and every pair is fix'd
Who married last, and who shall marry next—
Thus while on Village, politics they joke,
The mellow harvest sinks beneath their stroke.

But the same blast, that dries the yellow sheave
High in their station blasts the spreading leaves ;
The grateful sap, forgets aloft to flow,

Recals its juicy streams, and sinks below.
 Haply, some rustic bard, beholds the scene,
 And chants the requiem of the fading green ;
 Beholds the sickly beam, supplant the shade,
 And wond'ring thinks, how summer's bloom to fade.
 Next, barren winter, claims the simple strain,
 And all the pleasures of its hoary reign,
 The cheerful circle, and the social host,
 The City's wonder, and the Country's boast.
 Far in the land that blooms forever green,
 The ancient father and his group are seen ;
 The supper ended, and the blessing giv'n,
 That craves the still continu'd care of Heav'n ;
 Some tale of other times, is gravely told,
 Of Maids that *lov'd*, and Knights that *fought* of old ;
 Of Erin's former wealth, and spacious halls,
 And Tara's fame,—sad Tara's ruin'd walls—
 The youthful auditors, amaz'd admire,
 How strange the themes, related by their sire,
 And tho' some ills, their quiet may invade,
 And mix their sunshine, with a passing shade,
 Yet bless'd with peace, supply'd with healthy cheer,
 They spend the rolling seasons of the year !

The Ring.

DEAR CHLOE, hear the strain I sing,
 Few deeds are donè without a Ring—
 Thro' all the world its worth extends,
 Each moment put to various ends;
 With your kind leave, I'll tell its use,
 Its great convenience, and—abuse.
 When bullies quarrel in a fair,
A ring is form'd, to see the pair—
 Warn'd by the noisy tingling bell,
 Where Merchants stand, their wares to sell,
 The Cits advance, by two and three,
 And *form a ring*, the goods to see:—
 When music's sweet enliv'ning sound,
 Convenès the sprightly rustics round,
 Well-pleas'd they view their neighbors prance;
 And *form a ring*, around the dance.
 When Circus Jockeys, ply the lash,
 And shew their feats, for public cash,
 In crowds, the curious gazers go,
 And *form a ring* to see the show:

Or when to close the law, Jack ketch
 Lays hold of some devoted wretch,
 In droves the pitying public fly,
 And *form a ring*, to see him die.
 Life to preserve, and cherish health,
 The brood of want, and sons of wealth,
 The great, the small, the white, the sable,
 All *form a ring*, around the table.—
 Hasten then sweet maid, no longer tarry,
 We'll find *a wedding ring*, and—marry—
 Then with discretion let us use it,
 Admire its virtues, nor abuse it.



The Race Horse and the Poet,

A FABLE.

ONCE on a time, how long ago,
 The Muse has not vouchsaf'd to show,
 Whether it was in Goldsmith's days,
 Or when old Homer wore the bays
 It matters not, if I declare,

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The subject as it reach'd my ear,—
 Once on a time, halfblind with writing,
 And half bewilder'd with inditing,
 A Poet, who for years had sung,
 Unfriended by the heartless throng,
 Across a valley bent his way,
 To shun the sunshine of the day.

It chanc'd, in that luxuriant shade,
 A racer cropt the flow'ry blade,
 A racer he, of purest breed,
 Well fed upon the choicest feed,
 His tail was long, his hair was sleek,
 His waist was small, his breast was deep;
 He view'd the Bard with *animation*,
 And thus began the conversation:—
 “ Good morning neighbour, why so shy?
 “ In haughty mood you pass me by;
 “ 'Tis strange,—you cannot have forgot,
 “ How much alike, in life, our *lot*;
 “ How gifted with the self-same flame,
 “ Our labour and our *end* the same;
 “ 'Tis surely some unkind sensation,
 “ That makes you spurn our near relation;

“ For tho’ your garret’s airy height,
 “ May serve to whet the appetite,
 “ I’d sooner feast me in a stable,
 “ Than *muse* above an empty table.”

The poet halted to attend,
 The logic of his nimble friend,
 The hairy Orator he view’d,
 And thought his accent somewhat rude,
 Then, bid him with precision state it,
 How, and how near, they came related,—
 Nor lofty he, to hold dispute,
 E’en with a well-instructed brute :
 Thus far premis’d, the horse began,
 To trace his kindred to the man.

“ Our Patrons, sir, are ever kind,
 And bear our merit in their mind,
 Still treat us with a kind regard,”—
 “ But I have none,” replied the bard,
 A little vex’d, that here at least,
 He’d no advantage o’er the beast.
 The horse resum’d, “ the same our use,
 “ The gaping public to amuse :
 “ To gallop off thro’ thick and thin,

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“ And thus the ‘ *Ladies Purse*’ to win.”

The Poet said, the firstt was true,
 For crowds admire what Poets do ;
 But own’d, the next, with him was worse,
 He ne’er had gain’d a *Lady’s Purse*.

The next, and not the slightest claim,
 Related to their love of fame ;

And while the racer swore he lik’d it,
 The rhymer said he’d not reject it,
 But wonder’d tho’ he still beheld it,
 That fools and Critics still withheld it.

The beast rejoin’d, “ with motion fleet,
 “ You move your hands, and I my feet,
 “ The odds is this, my grassy caper
 “ Is more at *large* than your’s on paper :
 “ Thus, must you see my statement’s true,
 “ And own me near akin to you.

“ Now, for the troubles of our station,
 “ Like ev’ry other in the Nation,
 “ You, doubtless, weep by turns your lot,
 “ And I bemoan a rugged trot,
 “ When subject to a miser’s reins,
 “ Who ill rewards me for my pains ;

“ And still it proves my greatest sorrow,
 “ That men so much are prone to *borrow*.”

The other shook his head and granted,
 Abroad or home, he sometimes wanted ;
 He said that men were always known,
 To deal in trifles not their own ;
 They *borrow'd* his sage observations,
 And never own'd their obligations !

The horse continu'd, “ mark how rude,
 “ And how confin'd their gratitude ;
 “ For after all my toil and pains,
 “ And airy courses on the plains,
 “ When health is gone, and hope is past,
 “ I'm left to die alone at last :
 “ This, Sir, upon my life is true,—
 “ How goes the world, 'tween death and you ?
 “ With Poets it is much the same,”
 Return'd the drooping son of fame ;
 “ Well,” said the beast, “ since now I know it,
 “ I'll ne'er claim kindred with a Poet.”
 “ But after death,” the bard replied,
 “ I've an advantage on my side,

“ While you poor brute, shall *lie* neglected,
 “ My name and works, shall *stand* respected.”



A Monody

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM FALCONER,
 AUTHOR OF THE “SHIPWRECK.”

THOU Muse of sorrow, by whose weeping strain,
 The flowing tear of pity is beguil'd,
 Come, and in pensive melancholy pain,
 Lament the fate of thine Immortal child.

And you, ye few, whose hearts, attun'd to woe,
 Swell to the plaintive soul-subduing song,
 Approach, with sorrow's sympathetic glow,
 Indulge the feeling, and the theme prolong.

Strike the sad harp,—'tis FALCONER that claims,
 The starting tear, the solitary moan,

Whose noble soul, unus'd to selfish aims,
Could make another's sorrows, all its own.

Ye foaming surges, from your stormy bed,
Direct your course to India's distant shore;
You now may roll tremendous o'er the head,
That lost in death, shall feel your force no more.

No Mother's cry, no sadly-sounding bell,
With due regard compos'd his clay to sleep;
But furious billows roar'd their angry knell,
O'er all the troubled surface of the deep!—

But vain the wish his virtues to disclose,
Nor friendly Muse, nor pity's softest lays,
Can bid the trembling verse aspire for those,
Whose genius only can express their praise.

Yet, to lament the Minstrel of the wave,
Shall Genius weeping to the spot repair,
Where youth and merit found an early grave,
And sing her sad and sweetest numbers there!

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To part for a Night.

YES, let me tear myself away,
 Tho' love forbids my feet to rove ;
 And wait with hope the dawn of day,
 To light me to the maid I love !

That smile so sweet, that look so fond,
 Shall cheer me thro' the long long night ;
 And fancy with her fairy wand,
 Fill my whole heart with chaste delight.

Beauty and youth would plead in vain,
 For still to love and honor true,
 Thy image *only*, shall remain,
 For ev'ry scene is full of *you*.

Farewell my love,—pass on ye hours,
 That hold me from my fair one's arms ;
 And ah ! ye friendly aiding pow'rs,
 Protect her innocence and charms !

The Despairing Lover

TO HIS MISTRESS.

WHAT means the darkness that pervades my mind,
 And fills my breast with deep unsocial gloom ?
 That bids my soul (to every comfort blind)
 Explore the road that leads me to the tomb.

To memory lost, and every cherished joy,
 And left to dull forgetfulness and pain ;
 I seek the cause that could my bliss destroy,
 And blast my youthful hopes, but seek in vain.

Enquiring friends with fond officious care,
 Would learn the cause that bids my sorrow flow ;
 The cause deny'd—with never ceasing pray'r,
 They beg indulgent heav'n t' avert the blow.

Tell me my heart, (if reason yet retains,
 Her weak dominion in thy trembling core ;
 Ere yet these sad and melancholy pains,
 Shall check thy vital throb, to beat no more ;)

Is this the pang of love, that unreturn'd,
Consumes the soul that gave its motions life;
That first with wild and ardent passion burn'd,
Then sunk oppress'd, unequal to the strife.

To court forbidden rest, I seek the shade,
The shade averse, its wonted boon denies;
And as the charms that gild the landscape fade,
With them, the hope of silent slumber flies.

Or if some wild and melancholy dream,
To fancy paint thee, in thy lovely charms:
The light that forms the dark oppressive beam,
But glows, to show thee in my rival's arms!

Oh! wouldst thou learn with equal love to prize,
The youth whose fondness never can decay,
Whose sad distracted heart, and tearful eyes,
In answering sorrows pass the weary day.

Then should the soul that now with flutt'ring wing,
Strives to escape from its unblest abode;
Grow warm with hope, and every hour should bring,
Some pleasing *charm* to ease it of its load.

Accept this sad yet true descriptive strain,
 To thee Louisa,—every verse is thine,
 And ah ! let love that never pleads in vain,
 Move thy soft breast, to make that treasure mine !



The Maniac's Fate.

‘T WAS night, and thro’ the murky air,
 (Where brooding darkness veil’d the sky,)
 In dismal wailings loud and drear,
 Was heard the owlet’s mournful cry.

The noisy surge, the angry wave,
 In fury shook the pavement o’er ;
 When thus I heard a Maniac rave
 His song of sorrow on the shore :

“ Oh ! cruel fate, that could design,
 “ (Or yet the future evil know)
 “ The ruin of a heart like mine,
 “ That ever mourn’d another’s woe ;

“ Oh ! worse than death, thou torturing pang,

“ Too keen for heart of man to bear ;

“ Awhile, withdraw thy poison'd fang,

“ And yet, the child of madness spare.

“ Oh ! yield my bosom, to the shock,

“ That comes so kindly to thy aid,—

“ Methinks, the stroke should rend a rock,

“ Of hardest flint, or marble made !

“ Let sad remembrance of thy wrongs,

“ The spell of death and ruin wave ;

“ And while the scene around thee throngs,

“ Sink, sink, forever—in the grave.

“ Witness, ye rocks that skirt the main,

“ And streams that lave the silent wood :

“ How oft upon this dewy plain,

“ Devoid of pain and grief I've stood ;

“ Yet am I now distress'd, forlorn,

“ While every joy of life I weep ;

“ I see the hateful beam of morn,"—

He said, and plung'd him in the deep.

Elegy on the death of a Child.

RELENTLESS death, how cruel is thy fang?
 Nor youth, nor age, can blunt its wonted pow'r;
 By turns, the child and parent feel thy pang,
 The bloom of years is lost in thy dark hour!

With nature's tribute in his tearful eye,
 Pensive and slow I've seen a FATHER stray;
 Now lost in grief, he view'd the vaulted sky,
 Then musing sad, pursu'd his lonely way.

"And where art thou," he cried, "my lovely boy,
 "Once brightest hope of my advancing age?
 "Whose presence fill'd my soul with many a joy,
 "But now a victim to the tyrant's rage!

"Fond mem'ry paints the time, alas, no more,
 "When o'er the meadows walking side by side,
 "I heard thee tell thy well-learn'd lesson o'er,
 "And view'd thy beauties with a parent's pride.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD. 163

- “ Or oft as at the twilight of the day,
“ Returning homeward from the noisy throng;
“ I’ve met my lovely cherub on the way,
“ And bore him, playful, in my arms along.
- “ But now no more my lov’d endearing child,
“ Shall cheer the evening walk, or social fire;
“ These trembling eyes, with fear and terror wild,
“ Beheld the darling of my life expire.
- “ And ah! no more the little kindred band,
“ With him shall press the long frequented green,
“ Wond’ring, they’ll miss their brother’s tender hand,
“ So wont to link the social ties between.
- “ But vain my grief—and vain a mother’s tears,
“ Far, to a purer world our child is fled;
“ To tell through an immortal round of years,
“ His praise, who laid him early with the dead!”

Child.

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To the Spirit of Poesy.

THOU cherish'd source, whence many a joy,
To sooth my weary bosom flows;—
Yet wont those pleasures to destroy,
And paint more dark my night of woes :

If from thy beam, enjoyment springs,
And bids my heart enraptur'd trace,
How vain the bliss possess'd by kings,
When void of sentimental grace :

Then why o'erturn the pleasing dream,
Which lends the soul a short relief?
Or why inspire a sadder theme,
That tells of nought but pain and grief?

Oh ! hide the dark ungracious page,
Which meets alas ! my youthful eye,
For ah ! too harsh the cares of age
Upon the breast of manhood lie.

Oft in the lone sequester'd vale,
Led by thy charms, I've mov'd along ;
Heard thy sweet notes in every gale,
Bewilder'd by the melting song.

Oft have I blest the wond'rous pow'r,
That bade my ling'ring spirits rise ;
But soon it fled, and one short hour,
Left me involv'd in darker skies.

And oft from passion's wild alarm,
I've sought some shade of soft repose :
The heart that feels not pleasure's charm,
Alike unconscious bears its woes.

Oh might I find some dark recess,
Unfriendly to the voice of song,
These eyes the gloomy vaults would bless,
Far distant from the noisy throng.

There, spirit of the sounding lyre,
My life should glide, a tranquil day,
My breast no more should feel thy fire,
Or throb responsive to thy lay—

But mid this self deluding dream,
How strange the dictates of my will;
I fly thy bright seducing beam,
Yet, folly bids me love thee still!

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Elegiac Stanzas

ON THE BREVITY OF TIME.

Written immediately after the death of Bonaparte.

STRETCH'D in the narrow mansion of the dead,
Wonder of all, lamented yet by few,
He now in silence rests his active head,
Who drench'd in blood the plains of Waterloo.

The rude usurper of a monarch's right,
Whom ocean's waves, nor honor's ties could bind,
Laid in the dark obscurity of night,
In yonder silent grave, is now confin'd.

Full many a champion, fam'd in classic song,
For wise debate, or deeds of arms renown'd,
Has join'd the silent, melancholy throng,
Beneath the depth of Lethe's waters drown'd.

O thou, to whom the Bard of Paradise,
Eager to please, address'd his fervent pray'r;
A weaker suppliant, now before thee lies,
And humbly asks thy kind instructing care:

For thou, in realms of everlasting day,
Blest with the gift, of youth's eternal prime,
Hast seen, of states, the flourish and decay,
With all the dreadful ravages of time.

When from the dark recess of sev'n fold night,
Th' ETERNAL POW'N who sits enthron'd on high,
Plac'd in their spheres you golden orb of light,
And all the glories of the lunar sky;

When from his hand, this earth receiv'd its form,
Trascendant beauty hung upon the green;
Nor chilling frost approach'd, nor blasting storm,
To spoil the verdant beauty of the scene.

Would fancy's self, attempt the daz'ling theme,
With all the pow'r persuasive speech could bring;
These pow'rs combin'd, could never find a name,
Descriptive of the charms of which I sing.

* MILTON.

In sportive circles on the peaceful lawn,
Nature's wide stage, (in former ages free ;)
The hardy lion met the timid fawn,
And join'd their sports beneath the spreading tree.

High pois'd in air, the lark exulting sung,
Her notes melodious to the passing gale ;
Perhaps the vulture waited on her young,
Fraught with the sweet productions of the vale.

On the green surface of the level plain,
A thousand plants and herbs luxuriant grew ;
Of these, to later ages yet remain,
Tho' half decay'd, a solitary few.

The rose sweet scented, with the tulip gay,
And modest violet on its lonely soil ;
Pour'd forth their sweetness to the opening day,
Nor ask'd the homage of the gard'ner's toil.

Proud of its solid grasp, the pine display'd
Its lofty top above the forest trees ;
Plac'd in mid air, the tufted branches play'd,
And wav'd majestic, to the passing breeze.

With their delicious burthens, stooping down,
The slender vines almost conceal'd from view,
With sympathy congenial, clasp'd around
The stronger source, from whence their vigour grew.

Free and uninjur'd, liv'd the scaly train,
For yet to nature's solemn dictates true,
O'er the green surface of the level main,
No angry wind, or roaring tempest blew.

Love, harmony, and beauty, fondly strove
Each to excel, in native charms array'd ;
The soft dispute gave music to the grove,
Light to the fields, and fragrance to the shade.

Thus, when in one fair form the graces meet,
In beauty's gay attire divinely drest ;
The neck adorns the breast, the hands, the feet,
And every joint adds value to the rest.

Oh ! happy days, of innocence and joy,
Oh ! blissful hours, too soon alas to end ;
Could envy's self that happiness destroy,
Should desolation all its ruin lend ?

Oh ! yes, where beauty shines, where virtue claims,
The due reward which candour would bestow ;
The foul seducer, there admission gains,
And there directs the meditated blow.—

Chief o'er his works, the Omnipotent design'd
That man should rule with mild unalter'd sway ;
With nobler feeling, was his heart refin'd,
And heav'n's own image, bless'd the happy clay.

Thus Eden's Lord, unconscious yet of ill,
Unrival'd stood, created to command ;
Free was his heart, unbridled was his will,
The happy ruler of a happy land :

In evil hour, the enemy obtain'd,
The horrid wish his malice had design'd ;
His prospects clouded, all his glory stain'd,
And foil'd in him, the mass of all mankind.

On that unhappy day, commenc'd our woe,
Perfection faded, beauty lost its prime ;
All nature trembling felt the cruel blow,
And slow reluctant, yielded first to time.

First, on the mantling green, was seen its pow'r,
Where shone the fields, array'd in summer's pride;
The guardian leaves, forsook their kindred flow'rs,
And fading beauty dropp'd its head and died.

Then first, with tender sympathy, the dove
Pour'd forth her grief in melancholy strain;
Sigh'd for the tender partner of her love,
By some unkind companion, falsely slain.

'Twas then, returning hours to seasons flew,
Ere yet the earth her annual course had ran:
Revolving seasons into ages grew,
And age, succeeding age, comes moving on.

The tears of countless millions fall in vain,
In vain would court the fleeting moment's stay;
Stern time, denies the boon we fondly claim,
And ere we taste its sweetness, dies away.

Full oft, the flatt'ring prospect youth displays,
Drest in the borrow'd robe of truth, appears;
Fallacious hope, pursues th' unconstant blaze,
'Till sad experience prove the work of years.

Thus to the heart it speaks in words of fire—

“ Wide is the ample range of human woe ;

“ Recall the foolish wish, the fond desire,

“ Nor seek for lasting happiness below.

“ The transitory term of mortal years,

“ With eager speed, incessant hurries on ;

“ To that dark point where motion disappears,

“ And lo ! the weary dream of life is gone.

“ Our soft attachments, (nature’s dearest ties,)

“ Subdu’d by time, neglected die away ;

“ As genial warmth before the tempest flies,

“ When rolling clouds obscure the face of day.

“ Thou friendship too, sweet bond of social bliss,

“ And comfort of the melancholy hour ;

“ To kindred love, must yield the parting kiss,

“ And lose in death, thy once persuasive pow’r.”

See, where on yonder stone, the guardian shade,

Of worth departed, to return no more,

Yon lovely youth, contemplative is laid,

And views, of death the lonely mansion o’er.

Forth from his eyes, the streaming sorrow flows,
 'Tis nature's tribute to a parent's clay;
 While in his swelling breast affection glows,
 With all the force that sorrow can convey.

At length the mighty grief that fills his soul,
 Bursts the firm bond, which fortitude supplies;
 The mournful passion reigns without controul,
 While thus, with lifted hands, he faintly cries:

"Oh! ever honor'd, ever lov'd and dear,
 "From all my hopes and wishes snatch'd away;
 "For thee, affection sheds the pensive tear,
 "Hangs on thy grave, and lingers o'er thy clay.

"To view thy animated form, in vain
 "My eyes survey the lonely sculptur'd ground;
 "Reflection sad returns with double pain,
 "And nought but echo answers to my sound.

"With thee no more in even's refreshing hour,
 "I'll range, to taste the sweetness of the gale;
 "With thee no more enjoy the rural bow'r,
 "And hear the night bird's solitary tale.

“ Enrich’d with learning’s ever valu’d store,

“ With softest pity was thy heart refin’d ;

“ Now gone forever, thou wilt be no more

“ To me a parent, to the poor a friend.—

“ When gloomy darkness hides the face of day,

“ And night triumphant, spreads its awful shade ;

“ Hither untir’d, I’ll wander to survey,

“ The horrid devastation time has made.”

In life’s gay morn, when circling pleasures claim,

The hour from sober thought, and future care,

When joys tumultuous, damp the pious flame,

As fire consumes the milder fluid air :

Prone is the youthful heart, with ardent pains,

To love the transient shade of mortal fame ;

To prize each triumph which ambition gains,

And view religion thro’ a mask of shame.

Yet ah ! rash youth, thy hurry’d step forbear,

The vain attempt for happiness decline ;

Who tastes the poison, finds the trial dear,

And time avenges all the wrongs of time.

The fondest hope the mind can entertain,
The warmest wish that fancy can supply ;
But shew the pleasures which we seldom gain,
Or once enjoy'd, in full fruition die.

In every distant good, we view a charm,
That bliss obtain'd, the ever-grasping mind,
Pursues some other theme, with fervour warm,
And leaves what once delighted, far behind.

Behold you wither'd oak that stands alone,
Half bending o'er the fragment of a wall ;
Where echo heaves the sympathetic moan,
In sounds responsive to the rustic's call.

Strange are the tales the village records tell,
Of that mysterious spot, and all around ;
How first from heav'n, the pond'rous abbey fell,
And cover'd all the consecrated ground :

How on the self same morn, in open sight,
That tree was planted by an angel's hand ;
And how, profan'd, it wither'd in a night,
A fatal omen to the guilty land.

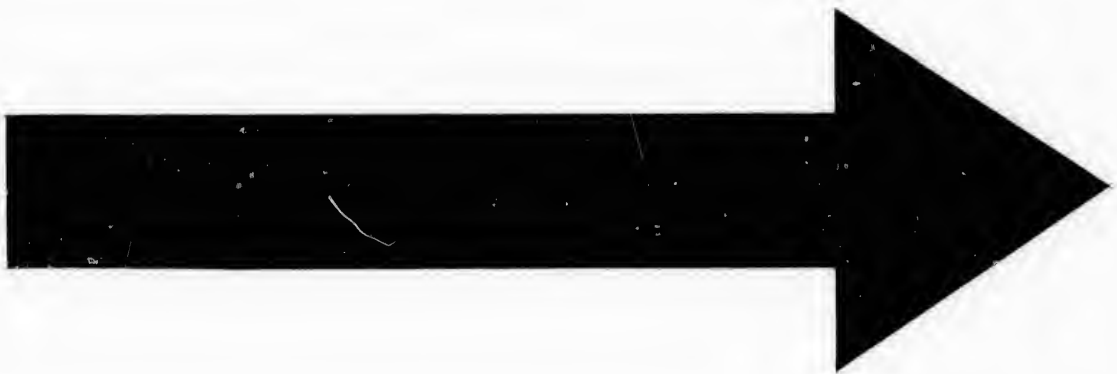
Hence, when the night its sable veil has drawn,
The weary peasant silent turns away;
Nor dares approach the "lonely specter'd lawn,"
'Till courage strengthens, in the face of day.

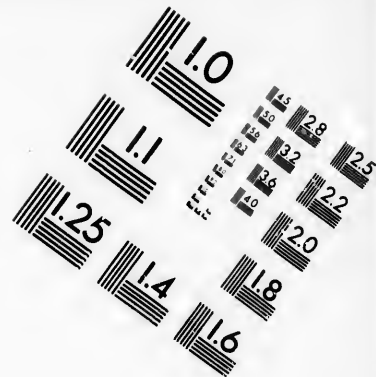
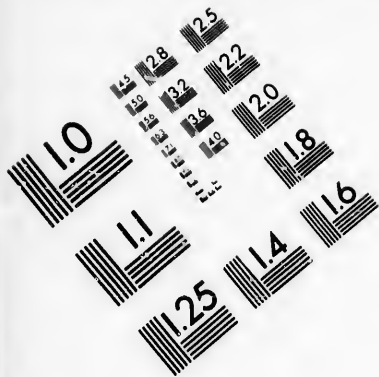
Ye sons of wealth, ye votaries of fame,
By nature's sage philosophy refin'd;
'Tis ever your's to *pity*, not to *blame*,
The simple feelings of th' uncultur'd mind:

The most neglected tenant of the field,
Blest with the gifts of opulence and pow'r,
Might with success, the ruler's sceptre wield,
Or grace the pleasures of the peaceful bow'r.

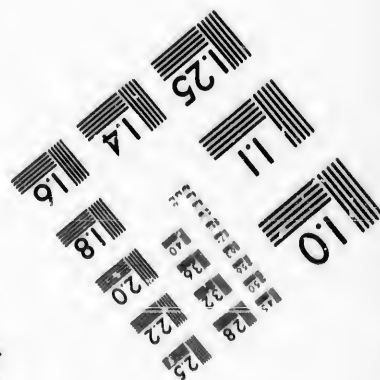
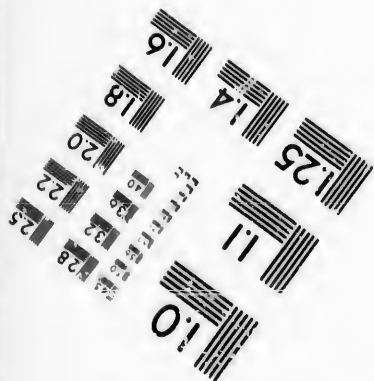
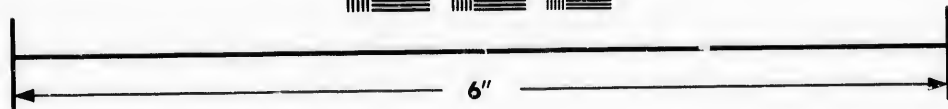
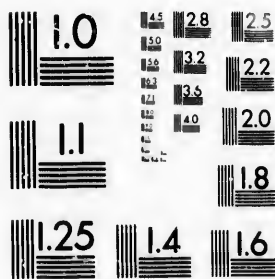
And oft alas! beneath a glossy shade,
Conceal'd from view, a sordid mixture lies;
The shining sides, with study'd art o'erlaid,
But falsely hide deception from the eyes.

Blended in one promiscuous concourse here,
Alike, the virtuous and the vicious share,
The gifts of heav'n, the product of the year,
And claim alike their common parent's care.





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But on the wings of each departing hour,
The records of our shame, or glory fly ;
Unveil our hearts, before th' eternal pow'r,
That to condemn, and *this* to justify.

Proud regent of the world, weak mortal raise
Thy eyes aloft, behold the stary skies ;
Where worlds unnumber'd, with effulgent rays,
Throw back the sight, too strong for mortal eyes.

Then view the elements, the old abode
Of man, for his support and ease combin'd ;
Worthy their maker—worthy of the God
Who first in heav'n this wond'rous earth design'd.

Yet these must perish, as the morning dew
Is dried before the sun's meridian beam ;
While more exalted worlds, in glory new,
Shall swell afresh, the ardent seraph's flame !

Borne on a tempest thro' the yielding sky,
A mighty angel shall bestride the shore ;
And swear, by him who lives unmatched on high,
That earth, and TIME itself, shall be no more.

Then shall the living victors of the foe,
 Unmov'd behold the wide extending fire ;
 And yield with patience to the final blow ,
 That bids with them, their murderer expire.

With kindred joy, the dead in Christ shall rise,
 And leave the lonely horrors of the tomb :
 While faith insures their mansion in the skies,
 And hope expanding, brightens all the gloom !



The Nativity.

THE night was hush'd, no voice disturb'd the vale,
 And not a murmur echo'd on the gale ;
 Soft spicy breezes o'er the meadows blew,
 And softer still, the streamlet's whispers grew :
 Judea's flocks in that portentous hour,
 Had just awak'd, to crop the verdant flow'r ;
 A shepherd train, their fleecy charges tend,
 Where on the plain, their mingling footsteps bland :
 With watchful care, silent they pac'd the plain,

And universal stillness held her reign,
When lo ! a splendid glory beam'd on high,
And open'd wide, the portals of the sky ;
The wond'ring shepherds, saw th' approaching light,
And prostrate fell, with terror and affright ;
For small the pow'r, to humble mortals giv'n,
When shines the awful dazzling light of heav'n.

Advancing now, the glory shone around,
And heav'aly visions touch'd the hallow'd ground—
One brighter form, superior to the rest,
With voice divine, the trembling swains address :
“ Hail lowly tenants of the grassy fields,
“ 'Tis yours, to view the gift JEHOVAN yields ;
“ With mortal eyes to see the infant ray,
“ Whose fountain sprung in everlasting day.
“ In Bethlehem's city see the Saviour lies,
“ The lord of earth, the Sovereign of the skies ! ”
Thus said, the angel choir harmonious raise,
Celestial voices in a song of praise :
More sweet, more clear, the tuneful accents grew,
And on the wings of every zephyr flew ;
'Till all at once, the beauteous seraphs shroud,

Their radiant glory in a purple cloud ;
 On rapid wing, the shining train withdrew,
 And clouds and darkness clos'd the distant view :
 (Enchanted echo, answering to the sound,
 Awhile prolong'd the notes, and charm'd the earth
 around.)

Thus when in heav'n's high arch, the rainbow shows
 The violet's blue, the crimson of the rose,
 And vivid green, with every other dye
 That forms the lovely wonder of the sky ;
 The youthful circles on the moisten'd plain,
 Behold it brighten in the dripping rain ;
 When lo ! a cloud o'ercasts the sunny ray,
 And quick the fairy prospect dies away :
 Their eyes are bent to earth, with vacant stare,
 And looks that scorn to gaze on empty air.
 So still, so mute, the rural watch survey'd,
 The light celestial, sink in midnight's shade ;
 'Till bursting forth, their joyful voices raise,
 A weak response, to the angelic lays :
 Then haste to Bethlehem's city, to behold
 The long expected prince, of David's line foretold.

Oh ! ye whose blinded eyes, (untaught to learn,)
Have never stoop'd, the saviour to discern;
Approach the manger, to the stall repair,
And with the shepherds, view your Maker there.
The hands that form'd the wide extended skies,
And grasp the madd'ning thunder as it flies,
The voice whose undisputed word can tame,
The tempest's fury and the lightning's flame,
And the swift feet, that tread the rushing storm,
All centr'd in an Infant's humble form,
The pow'r eternal, whose unerring will,
Angels admire, ambitious to fulfil,
By man alone resisted, seeks to gain
His creatures' love, yet often tries in vain.
Oh ! bid your songs ye grateful few ascend,
'Tis yours to praise the sinner's dearest friend ;
With constant glad effusions still prolong,
The ceaseless wonders of Emanuel's song ;
In joyful numbers bid your accents rise,
And bless the new born prince of earth and skies.
Hail Lord of nature, form'd in nature's mould,
To earth subjected, and by heav'n foretold ;
When rising waves, no longer swell the main,

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When stars no longer deck th' etherial plain,
 When stops the sun—and breezes cease to blow,
 And rivers in their beds forget to flow—
 Eternal years, with unobstructed pace,
 Shall tell the matchless wonders of thy grace !



The Crucifixion.

WHE midnight clouds that darken pleasure's ray,
 And o'er the mind, impervious win your way ;
 When sharpest sorrow rules without controul,
 And melancholy sways the thoughtful soul ;
 Hail to my mournful breast, and bid it glow
 With the sad tale of more that mortal woe !
 See yonder, where a lawless hostile band,
 With hearts of steel, and thirsty weapons stand ;
 Why burns their anger ? why the hellish hate
 That marks each movement of their foul debate ?
 Is it some monster of the human kind,
 That claims their councils, and their strength combin'd ;
 To avert his meditated ill, and save

Unnumber'd myriads from a common grave ?
Ah ! no, another cause their madness brings,
They vent their malice on the KING OF KINGS.
Is there, who bears a mortal heart, can view,
Unmov'd, the dark infernal deeds they do :
Behold their preconcerted rage, nor say,
How vain is human pow'r, when passion leads astray.
Mark how the victim of their spite is led,
A crown of thorns surrounds his sacred head ;
Condemn'd tho' guiltless, in the midst he stands,
And lifts, but lifts in vain, to Heav'n his hands :
The feet, by folly never led astray,
The Godlike hands, that ne'er inactive lay ;
And the kind heart, with care for mortals worn,
Transfix'd with nails, with mental anguish torn.
Oh Heav'n ! did Angels view the cursed deed,
And stoop to view their Lord and master bleed ;
Oh ! no, they fled beyond the solar ray,
And struck with horror, turn'd their eyes away ;
There wept the suff'rings of their injur'd Lord,
Abhor'd the murder, and the God ador'd.
E'en he whose word, can shake creation's frame ;
When angry thunders speak his awful name ;

Saw with regret the impious deed from high ;
 And griev'd, that justice, or his son, must die ;—
 Bid the bright sun, awhile conceal his ray,
 And veil the bright meridian of the day.

Now the redeeming God to Heav'n complains,
 And mourns the cruel torture of his pains ;—
 On drooping wings, the last sad mercy flies,
 " 'Tis finish'd," he exclaims, then faints and dies !
 " 'Tis finish'd," echo'd from the rocks around,
 " 'Tis finish'd," Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n resound.
 'Twas then, (obedient to the dreadful nod,
 That spoke the anger of the PARENT GOD,)
 The winds loud sounding from their caverns blew,
 The thunder roar'd, the forked lightning flew ;
 The Temple felt the dire convulsive shock,
 And burst the firm foundations of the rock !
 Then too, from graves which long had held in trust,
 The sacred relics of the wise and just ;
 Their bodies rose, (pale horror led the way,)
 Forsook their dark abodes, and stalk'd in open day.
 Back to his hell, the glutt'd fiend return'd,
 To tell how Earth had sinn'd, and Heav'n had mourn'd ;
 Exulting death admir'd his own dark pow'r,

And gloried in the conquests of an hour.

Oh ! Innocence unstain'd, oh ! spotless flame,
(Nor Seraph's tongue can find an equal name
To speak thy worth,) how did thy spirit rise,
To brighter mansions in thy native skies ?
E'en then, by man despis'd, by God carest,
Soft mercy rose transcendant in thy breast.
Oh teach my wand'ring love, (too fickle grown,)
Fondly to muse of thee, and thee alone ;
And bid reflection paint in every thought,
How dear the purchase that my freedom bought ;
How rich the blood, how exquisite the pains,
That pierc'd thy heart, that trickled from thy veins ;
Then while my soul shall view thy great design,
The purchase of her peace with drops divine ;
To thee my ardent wishes shall aspire,
While the false shades of earthly hopes retire ;
And when the tyrant death, elate shall bring,
The vanquish'd terrors of his pointless sting,
The thief's request, my latest pray'r shall be,
SAVIOUR, in Paradise remember me !

The Resurrection,

AN ODE TO THE REDEEMER.

HAIL ! king of Saints, in mortal form conceal'd,
 Thy conquering arm, o'er hell's black host prevail'd ;
 Stern danger brav'd, o'ercame each daring foe,
 And laid the furious host of demons low :
 'Twas thine, tho' with the father close allied,
 To lay thy sceptre and thy robes aside,
 To stoop unnotic'd of a virgin born,
 And live and die, neglected and forlorn.
 Attendant angels wish'd, yet wish'd in vain,
 To soothe thy sorrow, and assuage thy pain ;
 And while the sun, conceal'd his face in night,
 All heav'n grew pale, and trembled at the sight !

Hail ! Lord of life, the greedy grave in vain,
 Would bind thy glory with an earthly chain ;
 In vain malicious man would pierce the side,
 Whence flow'd the stream of life's retreating tide ;
 In vain the glutt'd pow'rs of death would tell,
 Exulting proud, the MIGHTY SAVIOUR fell ;

Thou friend of ruin'd man, ordain'd to save,
Didst conquer death, and triumph o'er the grave,
On that remember'd day of which I sing,
All heav'n o'erjoy'd, beheld its mighty King,
Rise from the tomb, thy pains and sorrows o'er,
To suffer, languish, and to die no more ;
Henceforth to reign on thy eternal throne,
And claim the prize, adjudg'd to thee alone.

Hail ! prince of peace, let heav'n and earth agree,
To celebrate thy rising Deity !
Let every being, join the cheerful song,
And sound the wond'rous theme, from age to age along,
Long had perverted passions rul'd the mind
Of sinful man, for nobler views design'd ;
Thy friendly eye, beheld his shame and grief,
And on the wings of mercy came relief :
Thy sov'reign grace for mortals was display'd,
And sav'd in pity, what thy wisdom made :

Hail ! blest Redeemer, let my joyful lays,
To thee aspire, with humble fervent praise ;
Let all my pow'rs exalt thy love divine,
And every wish, and every hope be thine ;

And when to close the scene of mortal woes,
 My nerveless frame, shall sink in soft repose ;
 While yet my spirit on her ardent flight,
 Shall wing her way, to realms of endless light ;
 Oh ! may the pleasing hope the trav'ler cheer,
 Dispel each doubt, and banish every fear,
 That yet, my quicken'd dust his praise shall sing,
 Who vanquish'd death, and robb'd him of his sting.



An Ode to Innocence.

DEAR Innocence, how pleasing is thy shade,
 Of thee possest, in peace I lay me down ;
 Careless the villian's censure to evade,
 The fool's displeasure, or the tyrant's frown.

When eve arrives, to veil the world in night,
 Pleas'd would I range amid thy silent bow'rs ;
 And feel thy secret motions with delight,
 Sooth all my griefs, and ease my weary pow'rs.

And when the morn, array'd in purple pride,
Awakes to hail the day, the singing throng;
Each chirping warbler, (tho' of speech deny'd,
With me shall mingle in a joyful song.

Parent of truth, accept my grateful lay,
To thee it flows, thy pleasures to engage;
And ever with thy hard vouchsafe to stay,
Guide of his youth, and succour of his age.

So, when these short but weary scenes are past,
And death and immortality draw near;
Shall I approach the promis'd land at last,
And in my Saviour's Innocence appear!

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The Wanderer.

THE lonely distant wanderer whose feet,
 Tread every region but their native soil,
 That land almost forgot in length of years,
 I sing not, 'tis the exile who remov'd,
 From the fair Eden of a quiet breast,
 Demands my strain, his be the muse's toil,
 He wanders most, who wanders from his God.

Come pity gentlest maid, with moisten'd eye,
 Be thou my muse, and teach the verse to weep
 The wretch who borne on passion's soaring wing,
 Strays thro' the winding labyrinths of thought,
 Or thoughtless revels in each guilty joy,
 That weans the soul from rest. O pride,
 Thou first of human baits to tempt the mind,
 Prompted by thee, we first forsake the truth,
 And foolish venture on each false delusion,
 That folly gilds with beauty not its own :
 'Till unrestrain'd by wisdom's sacred voice,
 That breathes her dictates to the humble soul,

Too late we mourn the heart seducing choice,
Pride, on thy daring plume that seeks the skies,
(But driv'n by justice from th' invaded sphere,
Still waves in darkness,) moping reason sits,
And seeks but seeks in vain th' expected goal.
Or if some far extended ray from Heav'n,
With friendly beam pierces the spreading gloom,
Thy victim scorns the blessing, and repel's.

How few there are, (by mad ambition led,)
Who mark the point where ends the wild career; —
Ambition ! eldest horn of pride, the source
Of helpless Orphan's tears, and Widow's sorrows;
Sure is the prey that drinks its cursed draught,
Its subtle poison mixes with the frame ;
Corrodes the heart, and each succeeding gulph
Adds a new sting to thirst of human blood,
And sway uncheck'd, and love of lawless pow'r.
Nor less on mischief bent, fierce anger's gust,
With whirlwind sweep and loud tempestuous roar,
Such as distracts the breast of some foul fiend,
Bears far away the fated truant's peace ;
Or nerves the slaught'ring hand for carnage :
'Till not a trace of heav'n is left behind ;

And every fiend that loves the deeds of darkness,
 Throngs round, to mark the fury of a mortal ;
 Amaz'd to see their own black deeds o'ermatch'd.
 Oh ! with whatever weapon heav'n supplies,
 Resist the sudden evil, for it comes
 Arm'd with hell's force, and rushes on the mind.
 The eager fire, in large sulphureous pile,
 Burns not so fierce, as when its cruel rage,
 Seizes each ruin'd passion of the heart.

Next, envy swoln with blasted hope of ill,
 Rears her pale head, and feeds th' unguarded stranger ;
 With dark designs, such as are fram'd in hell,
 And tyrants cherish in the midnight hour :
 Thus foolish mortals aid the gnawing canker,
 And feed the worm, that riots on their blood.
 There too, in that unblest forbidden land,
 Far from the paths of quiet joy, revenge
 Gnashes his teeth, and shakes his rusty chains ;
 While memory faithful to her wonted task,
 Fresh in her core, keeps every wrong alive,
 To rouse his ire, and glut it with revonge ;
 'Till musing care, and pale invention start,
 To view the horror of the foul design.

Nor length of years, nor pity's tender plea,
Can drain the tainted bosom of its guilt ;
'Till death in cold oblivion wraps the heart,
Which heav'n nor earth could soften to relent ;
And mercy woo'd in vain to sweet forgiveness.
Him, to his native land, (where every flow'r,
That heav'n design'd to flourish in the breast,
Meet soil for virtue, and her lovely train,
Withers, neglected in the lonely blast ;—)
Religion tries to gain with fond essay,
But weeping owns how difficult the task.

Or if in folly's gloomy vortex cast,
Where whelming waves, and loud tempestuous surges,
Still sweep him to the centre, weak he tries,
And feebly buffets the tempestuous waves,
Where not a ray of light displays the shore ;
And gloomiest shades rise heavy on the blast.
Perhaps in dissipation's giddy maze,
The wand'rer strays, nor views the fatal snares
That lie in ambush to entrap his soul :
Forward he rushes, thoughtless on his way,
The demon of destruction points his course,
Down the steep falls, where drunkenness and riot,

Team in the raging surf that swells below !

Beware sad Exile, of the pointed rocks,

Of infidelity, for danger lurks

In every motion of the driving current :—

Distracting thoughts, and wild uncertainty;

And fear, that shrinks from the tremendous gulph,

Yet doubts e'en what it dreads. Oh ! worse than
death,

That doubt'st the love, and guardian care of heav'n,

Where e'er thy voice deceptive, strikes the ear,

Comfort, and peace, and happiness, must fly.

But chief, and worst of all the tempting ills,

Which lure the guilty truant from the paths,

Of truth and virtue, pleasure spreads her wiles,

And courts him to her arms, the soft embrace

Unnerves each manly pow'r, and saps the germ

Of fortitude, 'till not a seed of heav'n,

Left for resistance, struggles with the tempter.

Lull'd in the lap of pleasure, the full soul,

Forgets its wants, and wastes the precious time,

In guilty joys, forgetfulness of good,

And warm pursuit of evil. Sad the thought

How peaceful hours are spent, and health is wasted ;

To catch the empty phantom of a dream,
That flies the fast approach of certainty.
Far on the northern shores, where summer's heat,
And spring's delightful smile are never known;
The simple inmate of the darksome cave,
Spends the nocturnal months, the ling'ring shade,
That shuts the face of day from mortal eye,
In playful frolics with the cheerful lamp,
That lights the narrow compass of his cell;
Or strings the sparkling beads in many a row,
To suit his lonely partner's olive neck;
Or ornament her with the shining circle.
Not half so childish is the Indian's toil,
As his, who seeks in folly's airy round,
(Pleasure miscall'd,) to satisfy the mind.

Some, lost in indolence, forget the end,
That heav'n design'd for man's pursuit, that man
Might profit by possession of the prize;
Lost to the world, and every active scene,
That lights the weary heart of all its cares;
And stupid sunk in luxury's embrace,
That yields a rest inglorious to the soul,
The victim lies, nor knows the load he bears.

These, and a thousand other snares that wait,
To tempt the wand'rer, farther from his home,
Avoid with cautious care, wouldst thou be happy;
Nor yield thy heart to each seducing ill,
That bears the spirit on its baneful wing,
Thro' realms forbidden by the voice of heav'n,
The borders of the grave, the land of death !
Close in the shadow of a circling wood,
Where never storm disturb'd the peaceful scene,
And nature shone in all her lovely charms;
The young, the fair, Amanda spent her days,
In youth's delightful season, when the heart
Sinks or expands as passion gives the touch,
To pliant fancy, or as reason points,
The path of truth ; hers were the modest charms,
That bloom in secret to the passing wind.
Nor less the cheerful sunshine of her soul,
Shone inward, and illumin'd every thought,
That virtue wish'd to cherish. Every angel
That loves to guard the innocent and pure,
Admir'd the sweet construction of her heart,
A strong and fair resemblance of their own.
Sad was the hour, when from her humble cot,

She wander'd to the busy world, where guilt,
Too oft unpunish'd roams in open day ;
With form seductive, and with treacherous smiles,
The maid beheld the cursed wight, nor knew,
That danger lurks where pleasure strews the way,
With warm enchantments, and inviting snares.
But soon alas, familiar grown with vice,
And unaccustom'd to the guardian spot,
Where modesty and worth together grew,
In harmless luxury, the Siren call,
Allur'd her to the land where every scene
That pity weeps to view, displays its front,
In open light, unblam'd and uncondemn'd.
Oh ! was no trace of purity or joy,
No kind, no fond, remembrance of the past,
Left in her ruin'd mind, to cheer the moment,—
Or point to future days, Oh ! no, save one
Sad solitary passion, still that told,
Of what she was; ere earth and hell combin'd,
To tempt her wand'rings from the source of bliss :—
'Twas grief, when lone reflection told her heart,
How far from wisdom's sacred paths she'd stray'd.

And yet, the noblest passion of the breast,
 When bless'd and guided by his sovereign will,
 Who always wills the best, tho' stern oppos'd
 By selfish mortals; love it was that drain'd,
 The flowing current of her native bliss;
 Explor'd the streamlet, and its source destroy'd;
 And now, upon the cold unfeeling world,
 She calls for refuge, but implores in vain.

Thus, thro' the wide extended range of thought,
 That slowly opens on the eager mind,
 Indulg'd by fancy, every wish is fed.
 That riots in the heart, and thus the wretch,
 Too late beholds how destitute his lot.

Think giddy mortal, while afar you roam,
 Led by the will-o-wisp of fancy, think,
 How soon the vain delusive dream may end;
 And awful truth with stern relentless aspect,
 Rush to thy view, Oh! think how slighted time,
 Hurries, (the richest treasure of thy life,)
 Beyond the reach of thy enfeebled grasp;
 Oh! then one moment pause, give o'er the aim,
 Nor sink in selfishness, to rise in shame!

Thee will I Love, &c.

From the 18th Psalm.

THEE will I love, my trust and rock,
 My fortress and deliv'rer too;
 My tow'r of strength from ev'ry shock,
 In ev'ry danger kind and true.

In Him, the Lord, I still shall trust,
 Who doth my fervent praises claim;
 And while I own Him pure and just,
 My tongue shall dwell upon His fame.

The sorrows of a frowning death,
 Enrag'd by hell, provok'd my fear;
 JEHOVAH heard my panting breath
 And humble cry, for He was near.

Then shook the world, and trembling own'd,
 His wrath, who plac'd it on its frame;

And while its huge foundations moan'd,
The Heav'ns were fill'd with smoke and
flame.

As down the skies He bent His force,
Thick darkness lay beneath His feet :
A cherub bore Him in His course,
And winds supplied their motion fleet.

And as in awful gloom He past,
The rumbling waters form'd His throne ;
Th' affrighted clouds, confess'd the blast,
With dismal horrors not their own !

Then, from their hideous resting place,
Where thunders roar'd, and lightnings flew ;
They fled the brightness of His face,
And beam'd the skies, with lustre new.

His mandate kindled coals of fire,
Keen arrows left his potent hand ;—

The rolling clouds of night retire,
And lightnings show the flaming brand !

The rocks beneath the flowing waves,
(Their waters fled,) are dry and bare ;
No more the flood its channel laves,
For GOD, the mighty GOD, is there !

From ocean's dark and deepest gloom,
His praise to tell, my soul He drew ;
And to prevent my hov'ring doom,
Quick to my aid, His mercy flew.

Vain were my anxious thoughts, for lo !
At his rebuke, the earth was mov'd ;
And ev'ry proud and hateful foe,
Fled from the fav'rite that he lov'd :

While in a wide and spacious plain,
He fix'd my happy dwelling place ;
And bid me, free from fear and pain,
Extol the conquests of his grace !

To a Lady,

ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

OH! cease to mourn, that tear is vain,
 Tho' strong affection urge its way;
 Reflection, but increases pain,
 When sorrow rules the pensive day.

Turn from the grave, where sad and long,
 Thy eyes have wept a parent's doom;
 Nor pour the tide so fresh and strong,
 To feed the herbage on his tomb.

Tho' fled with him, is many a joy,
 And many a care usurp'd its place;
 Tho' all that anguish could destroy,
 Has fled its wonted resting place:

Yet once again resume the smile,
 That us'd to sparkle in thy eye;

And let a friend thy grief beguile,
And chace that melancholy sigh.

Full well he *knows*, that soft relief,
To friendship's soothing voice is giv'n ;
Full well he *feels* thy heavy grief,
And fain would tune the dirge of Heav'n :

The dirge, that charms the drowsy dead,
That calls the cypress into bloom ;
And while it tells of pleasures fled,
Points to a purer bliss to come.

For who that marks the pride of life,
How transient, and uncertain too ;
Would fly the latest mortal strife,
Nor gain, to bliss, a passage thro' ?

Yet oft like cowards, faint we stand,
And trifle with forbidden toys ;
And tho' we view the promis'd land,
Full more we prize our fleeting joys.

Bound down with many an earthly tie,
 Prone to forgetfulness and sin;
 Low in the vale of life we lie,
 Nor heed the silent voice within.

'Tis Heav'n in tender love that calls,
 Our dearest friends and hopes away,—
 The airy tow'r of fancy falls,
 And all that's mortal fades away.

Thus, wisdom thro' affliction's road,
 To death's lone verge, her offspring brings;
 Then points the mourner to his God,
 And o'er the rolling current springs.

So flies the dove, from her bleak cove,
 And joyful, feels the winter o'er;
 Then seeks the green refreshing grove,
 Where her lov'd mate had fled before!

Stanzas,

COMPOSED IN A TIME OF SICKNESS.

WEARY of time, and sublunary joy,
 I fly each transient scene of borrow'd mirth ;
 And bid a long farewell to every toy,
 That bound my captive soul a slave to earth.—

But hail soft melancholy to my breast,
 “ Possess my soul and solemn thoughts inspire ;”
 Paint fleeting life in faithful colours drest,
 And fill my bosom with seraphic fire !

Too long alas ! has life with *seeming* charms,
 Entic'd me from the sure unerring road,
 That leads to bliss, beyond the reach of harms,
 And ends propitious, in a blest abode.

Oft have my lips, the smile of pleasure worn,
 When pain and grief, hung heavy on my heart ;
 And oft I've felt my fever'd bosom burn,
 But hid the torture, with the help of art.

But now no more, by fancy led astray,
 The *vapid* off'rings of the world I prize ;
 From these, without regret I turn away,
 To seek for *solid bliss* beyond the skies.

Or if some pleasure fled, a sigh would claim,
 Or fond affection bid my fancy stray ;
 The direful pang, that shakes my sinking frame,
 Excludes the vain delusion far away.

It tells me, all this transient world can give,
 Must fade away, and wither in its bloom ;
 That life is never worth the price we give,
 Since all that's earthly hastens to its doom.

It tells, that every hope of life must fly,
 Tho' fed and cherish'd in the bosom's core ;—
 That friendship sweet, and fonder love, must die,
 And in the grave give all their wishes o'er.

And tho' some struggling motions yet may live,
 As dying embers in the ashes rest ;
 My soul can scarcely feel the heat they give,
 And calm they lie, within my yielding breast.

And while consumption with a steady hand,
Directs its poison'd arrows to thy heart ;
Unable, all its fury to withstand,
I yield at length, content with life to part.

Yet, 'tis a solemn thing to die;—to soar
Far from this world, on wide extended wing;
To view the objects once so lov'd, no more;—
To part with life, without a mental sting.

As time fast fleeting from its clay, returns,
To that Eternity from whence it came ;
The conscious dust the separation mourns,
'Till dark it lies, divested of its flame.

Amazing thought ! the chilling hand of death,
Withdraws the screen that shades th' Eternal ray ;
And as the wand'rer yields his quiv'ring breath ;
To distant regions points the op'ning way.

Then, as by faith attracted to the skies,
The ardent spirit seeks her future home ;
Low in the dust, her kindred partner lies,
And sleeps unconscious of its future doom.

Oh! thou Great Pow'r, whose sovereign grace extends,
Beyond all mortal thought, or mortal pray'r;
Whose love the soothing hope of glory lends,
Conqu'rer of death and victor of despair:

If led by sad delusion I have stray'd,
From thee, the source of intellectual joy;
Oh! bid thy grace, the tear of sorrow aid,
And these sharp pangs each earthly hope destroy.

Oh! teach my soul the moments to improve,
With happy art, as quick they glide away;
To cast its sorrows on a SAVIOUR'S love,
And feel that love my never failing stay.

Come welcome death, divested of thy sting,
In vain thy javelin flies, thy terrors frown;—
The purest bliss, that Heav'n itself can bring,
Is thus in thy cold arms, to lay me down!

The Church Yard.

WHEN thron'd in splendid majesty the moon,
 Looks down, fair-shining from her silver car ;
 Be mine the lonely, but, instructive path,
 That winding thro' the tall surrounding grove,
 Leads to the silent spot where calmly rest,
 Beneath the beaten soil, the mould'ring bones,
 Of many a truant from the land of time.

As nearer I approach the sacred ground,
 A "solemn stillness" seizes on my heart ;
 In slower currents, flows my wand'ring blood ;
 'Tis nature speaks, and sure she must be heard.

Around the venerable spot are seen
 The hoary fragments of a ruin'd wall,
 Which time has sported with full many a year ;
 And many a tempest on its beaten sides,
 Discharg'd its fury : still to mark the place,
 Where once in gothic pride its pillars stood,
 The broad foundations shew their massy bulk :

While on their base, some crumbling turrets stand,
 To tell the sad spectator of the scene
 That all that's earthly, hastens to its end.

Beside the narrow path, so often trod
 By falt'ring feet—with tears so oft bedew'd ;
 The lonely cowslip rears its modest head,
 And the green nightshade emblem of the graves,
 That shew the moon their grassy forms around,
 Waves in the sullen blast of night. The stones
 Whose half-worn letters, Hieroglyphics old,
 And nameless characters, by time defac'd,
 Tell to the living, where the dead are laid,
 Promiscuous plac'd upon the level green,
 (Tribute of friendship and affection warm,)
 Shade the rank herbage, that from year to year,
 Grows unmolested on the holy spot.

Oh ! mark the new-turned soil, for here to day,
 Were stretch'd the lov'd remains of all that hope,
 Once magnify'd with microscopic glance :
 Of all that fortune waited to enshrine
 In more exalted spheres ; now lifeless laid,
 No boon he claims, no tribute from the world ;

And tho' the half distracted Parent yields,
Fresh from its briny source, the trickling tear
With never-ending pace, yet still unmov'd,
By fond affection's gift, the lowly dust
Rest of sensation, ever sleeps below.
Here too, tho' justly fam'd on many a field
Where death refus'd his dart, tho' boldly press'd,
The Warrior sleeps, forgetful of his fame;
And near his bulky grave the infant lies,
To whom the self-same hour gave birth and death,
Alike they moulder, banquet for the worms.
There wrested from a tender lover's arms,
That fondly circled the remains of beauty;
'Till death, with strong relentless force, unlock'd
The lov'd embrace, the youthful virgin waits
Th' approaching period, when the vanquish'd grave,
Shall yield reluctant, (tho' with fairer charms,
And doubly blest, with never fading lustre,
The various captives of its finish'd reign.

In yonder distant spot, so seldom trod,
Save by the red-breast, or his feather'd mate,
A grave is seen, 'twas surely made in haste,
For, sunk below the surface of the earth,

It seems unfinish'd. Oh! it holds a stranger,
 Who once had friends, and competence, and health :
 But Providence, that ever knows the best,
 And knowing acts as sovereign grace commands ;
 Allow'd the lone " inhabitant below,"
 To wander from the regions of his youth
 In quest of happiness, a shade, a name,
 But known as such, in this terrestrial world.
 Yet still, the phantom lur'd him with her smile,
 And many a clime beheld the exile roam,
 Lonely and sad along its barren waste :
 'Till poverty and death, at length united,
 Laid him in earth, and left him not a friend ;
 And now, perhaps, beyond the swelling main,
 His hoary Parents weep his early loss.

There stands the abbey cover'd o'er,
 And guarded by the full-grown moss of years :
 So baseless is the fabric, fear commands,
 An awful distance from the falling ruin,
 That threatens death, familiar to the ground.
 Within the aged walls, I've often seen
 The gray bleach'd bones disjointed from their fellows,

And mix'd promiscuous in the dismal heap,—
 'Till the shock'd eye revolting from the glance,
 Sought some more pleasing object for its gaze.
 Oh ! Man, thou transient tenant of the vale,
 Of pain and sorrow, misery and death,
 Awhile reflect upon the wond'rous change,
 That here awaits you, and embrace the love,
 That kindly bids you triumph over death,
 And leads, secure beyond the reach of pain.

Thro' many a crevice in the tott'ring walls,
 The moon dim-glimm'ring, sends a fearful ray,
 That half-reveals the horrors of the scene,
 And tells me the sad wonders of my fate :
 For here perhaps, a few more days elaps'd,
 And life's unstable taper crush'd or worn,
 These limbs that now perform their usual toil,
 And bear me pond'ring o'er the mortal clay,
 Shall sink inactive, weary of their load,
 And claim a long indulgence in the grave.
 Then haply as some mourner hither led,
 By views like mine, to see the land of death,
 Shall wander thoughtful o'er the "sculptur'd ground,"

The moon with friendly beam may silver o'er,
My narrow mansion ; and the tear be giv'n,
That pity sheds upon the new-form'd grave.



An Address,

*TO THE PATRONS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN
NEW-BRUNSWICK.*

THE tender plant that rears its slender form,
By some close thicket shelter'd from the storm ;
Whose youthful leaves to meet the breeze expand,
And bloom unrivall'd on a favor'd land ;
If left to brave the tempest's angry pow'r,
Resigns its beauty in the stormy hour ;
And with'ring sinks, unable to maintain
Unequal combat on the open plain.

But if transplanted to some friendly soil,
And kindly nourish'd by the gardeners toil,

In many a range, its lofty branches rise,
 Forsake the earth, and emulate the skies.
 Thus the soft pliant fancy left alone,
 To combat ills with "prowess not its own;"
 Resigns to stern necessity its claim,
 Free, tho' unlearn'd, untutor'd without blame.
 As years advancing, form the rip'ning mind,
 Taught by mankind, by knowledge sad refin'd;
 The fated wretch his own misfortune views,
 And every mournful sight, his grief renews.

But Oh! ye few, who learning's value know,
 Forbid the tear of future grief to flow;
 Instruct the youthful genius of the age,
 To prize the treasures of the sacred page;
 Fill the void mind with an aspiring hope,
 Enlarge the soul; give emulation scope.

Thus when some wand'ring stream forbid to flow,
 Chok'd by the slimy dross that lies below,
 Swell'd to a gloomy pool, inactive lies,
 Too dark to shew one glory of the skies:
 When lo! some active hand the channel clears,
 The water's flow, the cover'd ground appears;

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The watchful hind prepares the winding drains,
And guides the streamlets o'er the thirsty plains.

The tutor kind, whose toil is never vain,
And blessing, in return, is bless'd again ;
Shall feel his bosom glow with purer joy,
Than *earth* can grant, or *hell* itself destroy ;
Shall see through life his expectations live,
And calm exulting, feel the bliss they give.

Blest is our land, to Britain near allied,
Tho' ocean foams between, and seas divide ;
Still, the same sun that cheers the parent land,
To all her offspring, bids his warmth expand ;
While love and pity, with unequal'd ray,
Reflect from her the splendour of the day.
Full many a land has own'd Britannia's pow'r,
By sad experience in the battle hour ;
On foreign shores her conquering sons have gain'd,
The Laurel with the blood of thousands stain'd,
'Till peace returning, with unnumber'd charms,
Invites the victor nation to her arms :
Smiles on the future,--drops a silent tear,
(For past misfortunes,) on affliction's bier ;
Surveys the wond'rous mass of humankind,

And aims her conquests at the yielding mind.

With happy speed New-Brunswick hail'd the morn,
 That rose, her waving forests to adorn:
 Nor slow debating with her doubts she staid,
 'Till bloom'd alike, the City and the shade.
 E'en now, perhaps on yon ethereal plain,
 Where purest bliss and knowledge ever reign,
 Some happy being, once a child of earth,
 Still marks the day that gave your UNION birth;
 And owns the ardent efforts of the love,
 That led him to the fount of joy above.
 And oh! if from its mansion in the skies,
 To view this world, the soul permitted flies;
 E'en Heav'n itself, that fills it with delight,
 Receives a purer motion from the sight.

Eternal blessings on his spirit rest,
 In life rewarded, and in glory blest,
 Whose efforts, soft, benevolent, and kind,
 Congenial, aid the failures of the mind;
 Promote the highest aims, to mortals giv'n,
 To make the sons of earth, the Heirs of Heav'n.

Thus, in the dust, where long unmark'd it lay,
 The native diamond hides its smother'd ray;

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'Till late discover'd, and its value known,
 The artist's polish smoothes the precious stone ;
 And rais'd at length, to some conspicuous place,
 It shines a badge of honor and of grace.

Delightful task, oh ! still the theme pursue,
 Heav'n shall *reward*, and earth *remember* you ;
 And when the cares and toils of life are o'er,
 And your instructive voice is heard no more,
 Perhaps some youthful spirit with surprise,
 Shall hail its lov'd preceptor to the skies,
 Where worth and merit shall be well repaid,
 And poverty no more request your aid.



A Reflection.

LOOK'D to the East, and a dark rolling cloud,
 Half shaded the light that it gave ;
 And the storm that had rag'd on the spot where I stood,
 Hung black, on the far distant wave :

Ah! such I exclaim'd, was the morn of my life,
While the victim of passion, I tried,
To combat the tempests of anguish and strife,
And their dangers and follies allied.

Then I look'd to the West, all was tranquil and still,
Not a murmur was heard on the gale;
And the slow-breathing zephyrs, just ruff'd the rill,
Or play'd o'er the flow'rs of the vale :

While fervent I pray'd to the fountain of love,
That my life's early sorrows might close;
And lost in a lasting enjoyment above,
My fears and my sorrows repose !

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